

# The **BULLETIN**

OF THE  
**MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY**



**VOLUME XXXVI**

**OCTOBER, 1952**

**Number 7**

# MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1896

INCORPORATED 1914

## FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS AND MAMMALS

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OF THE

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The Editor solicits the gift of articles, notes, photographs, and sketches, on the various aspects of Nature Lore, Natural Science, and Conservation of Natural Resources. If possible, articles should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper. Photographs should be on glossy paper with data attached. The Society is a non-profit educational institution and we offer no remuneration for contributions to the *Bulletin*. The Society assumes no responsibility for the safety of manuscripts or illustrations submitted for its use.

All correspondence, changes of address, etc., should be directed to the Editorial Office, 155 Newbury Street, Boston 16.

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Cover Illustration, GREATER YELLOW-LEGS, Roger Tory Peterson.

## *The President's Page*



We do not have very good opportunities to observe and record the nesting of our shore birds, but from the middle of June to early July and from the middle of August to the middle of September opportunities are excellent to observe the migration of the shore birds and to notice the difference in their plumage as they change from summer to winter dress. We can frequent City Park, East Boston, but the marshes at Squantum, formerly so excellent, are now largely filled and in the possession of the Air Base and consequently denied to observers.

Fortunately our Society took the initiative in preserving the great marshes and beaches of Plum Island, which can now be visited by automobile up to the southern end of the island, a part that should have been included in the Parker River Reservation but was omitted. For two miles along the western shore a six-foot barrier of turf has been erected, behind which is a shallow fresh-water pond widely frequented by Yellow-legs and later by ducks and geese.

At the southern end of Ipswich Beach the flats, commonly covered at extreme high tide, carry at times a flock of a thousand or more shore birds, mostly Black-breasted Plover and Sanderling, as well as the interesting Least Tern which breeds there. Here, also, are occasional Dowitcher and Pectoral Sandpiper, with now and then a rarer Buff-breasted Sandpiper or Stilt Sandpiper or Marbled Godwit.

Some of these species may also be found across the mouth of the Merrimac at the Salisbury Beach State Reservation, and with any of the considered improvements of that rather melancholy place we hope that some space for a "wilderness area" may be provided, while liquor saloons which now guard its approach may be removed.

*Robert Walcott*

## Texan Aurora

BY ROGER ERNST

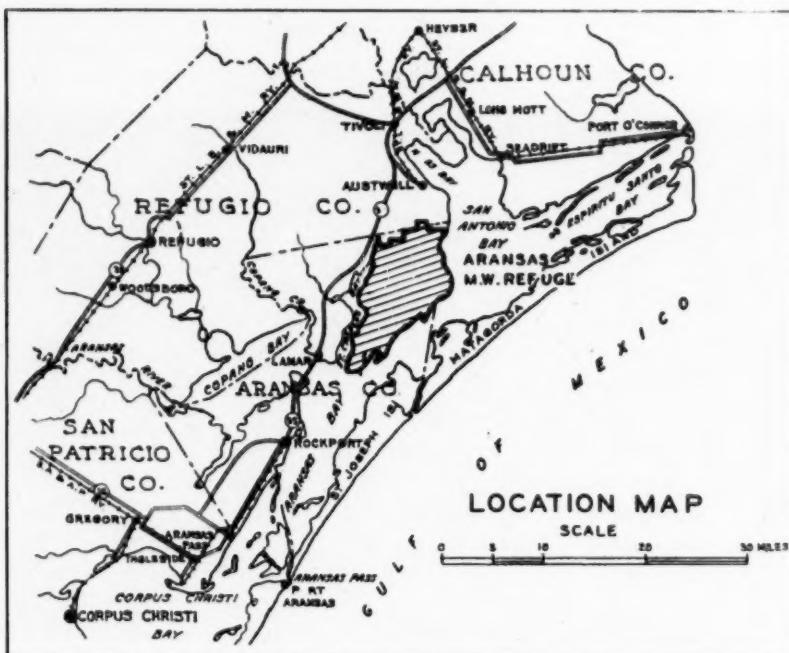


HELEN CRUICKSHANK

### Roseate Spoonbills

Dorothy Snyder's article "Texas Bird Diary," in the November, 1950, issue of the *Bulletin*, inspired the present writer and his wife to visit in April, 1952, the southwest coast of Texas, which Miss Snyder treated so delightfully and so adequately in her paper. An opportunity, opened to us through the courtesy of John Baker, President of the National Audubon Society, was not available to Miss Snyder, however, and seems of sufficient interest to justify the present supplement to her fine article.

The southwestern portion of the Texas coast for many miles back from the Gulf of Mexico is a plain, flat as a pancake, traversed by three large river valleys and by many creeks flowing southeasterly, indented by numerous deep bays, and protected from the force of Gulf storms by a long and almost continuous narrow line of sandy islands, forming, after a large amount of dredging, a waterway for intracoastal shipping. By chance this waterway runs between two of the most valuable projects for wildlife conservation on the Texas coast — the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, created January 1, 1938, by the Federal Government, and the Sanctuary of the National Audubon Society on the Second Chain of Islands, consisting of eight small islets close together about half way between the mainland and Matagorda Island, one of the large barrier sand bars protecting the waterway from the heavy seas of the Gulf. This sanctuary for nesting water birds was established in 1934, and each year since, except the war years 1942-45, it has been placed under the care of a warden during the nesting season. It is one of seven refuges on the Texas coast maintained by the Society, five of which are principal nesting sites for water birds.



My wife and I arrived at Rockport, Texas, on April 14, 1952, establishing our headquarters in the Rockport Cottages, run by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hagar. "Connie" (Mrs. Jack) is one of the famous bird observers in the United States. Many leading ornithologists (including Ludlow Griscom, one of our directors) have been guests there, some of them several times. Connie knows every inch of the territory in and around Rockport and can identify even the different species of hummingbirds on the wing as she drives at a moderate speed in a car! She and her husband settled in Rockport nearly twenty years ago, and she picked out the site as a bottleneck on migration for water birds, shore birds, and land birds. Her check-list \* of over 440 species speaks for itself. It is the super spot in the United States of America to be in during spring migration. If it rains and thereby brings the land birds down to earth, it is stupendous. Even if it doesn't rain, some species of birds come down in vast numbers. For example, the day after our arrival during a dry spell, the ground was literally carpeted with Orchard Orioles, Indigo Buntings, and Blue Grosbeaks. I never dreamed of such a cloud of birds. Even Connie agreed it was a record breaker. We were birding that day with her and Guy Emerson, of New York, a frequent Rockport visitor, who has seen almost every species of bird in the United States. When we walked through the field back of the Cottages, or drove our car along a farm road a bit inland, the Indigo Buntings would rise in flocks of forty or fifty and alight on the bushes near by. It made one think of a blueberry patch in Maine. There must have been several thousand in the vicinity of Rockport.

\* A printed copy is in the library at 155 Newbury Street, Boston.

The Aransas Refuge lies about thirty miles northeast of Rockport on what is called "Blackjack Peninsula," some fifteen miles long and four to eight miles wide. It is celebrated as the only known wintering site of the almost extinct Whooping Crane. The flock increased from fourteen in 1940 to about double that number, but was reduced again to only twenty-three when the flock flew north this spring. While primarily a refuge for waterfowl, Aransas has a list of well over three hundred resident and migrating birds of all kinds.

The Second Chain of Islands becomes each spring the nesting place for American, Snowy, and Reddish Egrets; three species of herons — Ward's (Great Blue), Louisiana, and Black-crowned Night; White Ibis; Brown Pelicans; Black Skimmers; Oyster-catchers; Caspian Tern; and, last, but really first, Roseate Spoonbills. These birds apparently nest harmoniously together and, according to Audubon, the herons, being more sharp-eyed and vigilant than the Spoonbills, are a real help to the latter in protecting them against danger. John Baker believes that the sharp pointed bills of the herons are a better protection than their vigilance. The National Audubon Society at present holds right to possession of the Second Chain through a five-year lease from the General Land Office of the State of Texas. More permanent legal status will be sought through action of the Texas legislature. The present policy of the General Land Office is to restrain oil and gas lessees from any operations on, or within three hundred feet of, the Islands. Fishermen and others cannot legally be prevented from approaching to within a few feet of the shore, but a good warden usually can work out a solution with the people in the boats. The results have been satisfactory, showing a very large increase in the numbers of all the nesting birds, except the Brown Pelicans, which have fallen off materially since the '30's for reasons unknown to the National Audubon Society. On the other hand, the White Pelican nesting population on South Bird Island, near Corpus Christi, has increased substantially over the same period.

John Baker sent us a permit to visit the Second Chain of Islands during the nesting period. Accordingly, early on Sunday morning, May 4, we drove the forty miles from Rockport to the headquarters of Aransas Refuge to meet Warden Donald Gamble, a pleasant young Cornell student who had both birding and marine engine experience on Lake Erie. The morning was perfect for a water trip, with a cool, but gentle, northeast breeze, leaving the sea smooth for the steadiness of our telescope and binoculars in his skiff.

We first approached Island Number One carefully to within about thirty yards of the shore, with the eastern sun behind us, giving us a perfect close-range view of the birds. There were a number of Egrets — American, Snowy, and Reddish, a large flock of Black Skimmers, a pair of Oyster-catchers, and, as the high point for us, about thirty-five Roseate Spoonbills sitting in low shrubs above the beach. Our approach caused only enough flurry among them to make them spread their great wings and flap them, showing the patch of rich carmine on the upper wings and the gorgeous rose pink of their linings. This was truly a sublime display of exquisite color against a clear blue sky, only equalled by the flight of the European flamingos which we had seen under similar favorable conditions in the Camargue in southern France two years ago.\* I suspect that my wife and I are among the very fortunate few Americans who have had such marvelous views of large flocks of these two majestic and colorful birds.

\* See *Bulletin*, Oct. 1951, pp. 275-278 and pp. 309, 310

After we had gazed in rapture for a quarter hour at this display, the warden said, "Now let's have our dessert at Carroll's Island." This is Number Three, and the largest in the Chain. As he started the outboard motor, the Oyster-catchers obligingly flew to the next isle, showing us their gay black and white wing pattern. The island is named in honor of a Texan naturalist who first called to the notice of the Society the nesting of the Spoonbills there.

We approached this island from the east in the same careful manner, stopping again just far enough away not to agitate the birds. However, our arrival caused some of them to move about sufficiently to display the glowing color of their plumage.

Here the larger size of the island — though still small — permitted the nesting of a far greater number of birds. The long beach lay in front of a slightly elevated interior crowned by low shrubs of the cactus variety, with sunflowers and other bright yellow flowers in bloom. At the left, or southern, end of the island were visible some fifty Brown Pelicans in full spring plumage, standing with their great, comical heads and bills rising among the yellow flowers. Then along the rest of the shore was a solid phalanx of perhaps 250 Spoonbills standing quietly at rest — none seemed to be feeding — in their white and rose pink, interspersed with small groups of White Ibis, all three species of egrets, and little Blue and Louisiana Herons.

Above and behind these, sitting in all kinds of postures on the slender branches of the shrubbery, were large numbers of American and Snowy Egrets, some with their backs toward us, thereby displaying their magnificent feathery plumes, so long as to suggest a bridal veil; Ward's Herons, looking, when standing on a shrub and silhouetted against the sky line, of gigantic proportions; and, finally, the Spoonbills, again showing their incredibly exquisite rose pink wing linings when they opened their great wings (four-and-a-half-foot spread) to balance themselves as they moved from one precarious foothold to another in the low trees. The ochre-yellow tail feathers, contrasting with the delicate pink of the lower back and wings, were plainly visible in the bright sunlight. We estimated, from a quick count of the Spoonbills in sight and from those which appeared from time to time from behind the sky line, that there were from four hundred to five hundred of them on the island. As the paler plumage of many showed them to be immature birds, the number of nesting pairs was probably well below that estimate.

Altogether the spectacle gave us one of the most thrilling moments of our birding careers. Hats off to the National Audubon Society for its splendid achievement in building up the numbers of a magnificent bird threatened some years ago with extinction within our borders.

It chanced that our first view of the Spoonbills in flight was a flock of eight, flying in wedge formation over Connie Hagar's fabulous yard.

A few lines from the pen of the great man whose name our two Societies bear, paying his tribute to the beauty of the flight of the Spoonbills, may not be amiss in closing:

"After a while they rise simultaneously on wing and gradually ascend in a spiral manner to a great height, where you see them crossing each other in a thousand ways, like so many vultures or ibises. At length, tired of this pastime, or perhaps urged by hunger, they return to their feeding grounds in a zigzag course, and plunge through the air, as if displaying their powers of flight before you.

These birds fly with their necks stretched forward to their full length, and their legs and feet extended behind, moving otherwise in the manner of herons, or with easy flappings, until about to alight, when they sail with expanded wings, passing once or twice over the spot and then gently coming to the ground, on which they run a few steps. When travelling to a distant place they proceed in regular ranks, but on ordinary occasions they fly in a confused manner. When the sun is shining and they are wheeling on wing previous to alighting, their roseate tints exhibit a richer glow."

### Capacity Enrollment at Workshop

Thirty students from seven States, and representing sixteen colleges and universities, attended the two weeks' session of the Audubon Natural Science Workshop held at Cook's Canyon, Barre, in June. This is the largest enrollment for any session up to this time, and many of those who attended are already looking forward to the 1953 workshop.

C. Russell Mason, as director, was ably supported by Dr. John W. Brainerd, Associate Professor of Biology at Springfield College, who had oversight of the teaching program carried out by Mrs. William Van Grimes and Miss Frances Sherburne, of the Audubon teaching staff, assisted by Leon A. P. Magee, director of Cook's Canyon Sanctuary, Mrs. Magee, Dr. William Van Grimes, and Miss Carol J. Parker. Visiting instructors who contributed greatly to the program included the naturalists Lewis and Corinne Babbitt, of Petersham; Rino J. Roffinoli, representative of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service at Barre; Lawrence P. Loy, Professor of Community Recreation, University of Massachusetts; Dr. Hugh M. Raup, Director, Harvard Forest, Petersham; and Leslie Campbell, of the Metropolitan Parks Commission at Ware. Ernest Eames, of Boston, who attended the first workshop of the Society conducted at the Rivers Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, in 1948, brought to the group some interesting developments in handicrafts. Miss Janet Smith, of the Audubon staff, was camp secretary for both the Workshop and Wildwood Camp, and Mrs. George Griffin, of Medford, was camp nurse.

The Workshop was delighted to welcome Roger Early, representing the Florida Audubon Society, and Mrs. Early, who attended the classes to gain a better idea of the educational program of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and who, in turn, contributed largely to the group with their enthusiasm and experience in photography.

### Honorary Degrees Granted

Word was received in the early summer that Roger Tory Peterson was honored with a doctor of science degree from Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and Maurice Broun had similar recognition from Muhlenberg College. Both of these friends are active members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and we extended our hearty congratulations. In reply we had a good letter from Mr. Peterson indicating that he was returning to England to continue work on his field guide to the birds of western Europe. We also had a charming note from Mr. Broun, in which he modestly commented, "Nobody was more surprised than we hillbillies, to be so touchingly honored by Muhlenberg. I wish you could have heard the outburst of song, from the campus birds, when my citation was read!"

## Greater Snow Geese over their Wintering Waters



Through the courtesy of the United States Fish and Wild Life Service, who took the photograph, we present this airplane, or bird's-eye, view of some of the thousands of "White Wavies" which winter on the shallow protected waters of Back Bay, Virginia, and on Delaware Bay each year.

When we see a great gathering of birds such as in this photograph, and read Mr. Morrison's account of the great increase in this species in recent years, we are inclined to wonder about the status of such birds in the past before the white man decimated them or brought them to near extinction. How many of us have ever seen even one Snow Goose in Massachusetts? But here is what William Wood had to say about this species in his *New England's Prospect*, which was published in 1629-1634. He likened its abundance to that of the Canada Goose, and wrote of it: "The second kind is a White Goose, almost as big as an English tame Goose, these come in great flocks about Michelmasse, sometimes there will be two or three thousand in a flocke, these continue six weeekes, and so flye to the southward returning in March and staying six weeekes more, returning againe to the Northwarde."

John B. May

### Trail Working Parties

#### Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary, Topsfield

Saturdays, October 11 and 18. Come as near ten o'clock as you can. Bring a picnic lunch and the whole family. Coffee provided. A good way to help your Sanctuary while enjoying the autumn foliage and also obtain some firewood for the fireplace at home.

## The Greater Snow Goose

BY ALVA MORRISON

*Photographs by the Author*



**Cap Tourmente from Ile d'Orleans**

Pruneau, the warden at the marsh, and I have sought additional information from other competent authorities and from the available literature.

Certain extraordinary circumstances pertain to the Greater Snow Goose:



It is believed that the entire population of Greater Snow Geese on the North American continent may be seen at one time on one short strip of marsh.

The species probably came dangerously close to extinction near the turn of the century, but there has been a rapid increase in numbers in recent years.

The bird so closely resembles the Lesser Snow Goose as to appear identical, yet it has a very different summer and winter range.

Its status as a species, *Chen atlantica* Kennard, distinct from the Lesser Snow Goose, *Chen hyperborea* (Pallas), was accepted by James L. Peters in 1931 but has not yet been approved by the A.O.U.



The Greater Snow Goose nests on some of the northernmost islands of the Western Hemisphere, several hundred miles within the Arctic Circle. Its wintering area comprises parts of Delaware Bay, the sandy shores of Virginia, and the string of islands and sand spits off the North Carolina coast known as the Outer Banks. On both their north and south migratory flights the geese are known to make one prolonged stop to rest and feed in a single scattered flock on marshes bordering the St. Lawrence near St. Joachim, about thirty miles below the city of Quebec. It is believed that each spring and fall all the Greater Snow Geese in existence in North America gather there or in the immediate vicinity.

Although a direct north and south migration course between the Carolina coast and St. Joachim lies across the western part of New England, the Snow Goose is for New Englanders a very rare bird. You may roam the New England coast and the shores of its lakes and rivers, in fair weather and foul, through every season, and only by the rarest good luck will you see a Greater Snow Goose. That is because the migration is probably made at great height and in a single non-stop flight. Yet occasionally a few stragglers are seen

with flocks of Canada Geese, and sometimes small groups, hindered by bad weather, may stop briefly to rest and feed.

The St. Joachim marsh where these geese break their long migration flights is about eight hundred miles north of the wintering grounds and about two thousand miles south of the nesting area. It lies at the foot of Cap Tourmente, a precipitous promontory rising abruptly from the St. Lawrence River to a height of 1800 feet. A little west of this point the highway down the north shore swings away from the river and around the promontory so that the marsh at the base of it is left undisturbed by passing motor cars. The marsh extends up the river from the Cape for a distance of three to four miles. During the rise and fall of the tide the birds probe the muddy shore to get the tender rootstalks and sprouts of a sedge upon which they thrive. And at low tide they betake themselves to the exposed sand bars where the sand required for their digestive processes is available. The geese when feeding often concentrate at one spot or another on the mud flats, and there are frequent and restless stirrings of the great flock as small groups rise to move from one feeding place to another. Occasionally when alarmed several thousand of them rise abruptly in a confused mass and mill about with seemingly no more formation than falling snowflakes blown by the wind. There is then a sudden great clamor of honking, a steady roar, harsh and metallic, suggesting the not too distant rumble of an elevated train. But in a moment the birds settle back to feed; the clamor ends as suddenly as it began, and quiet again reigns over the marsh.

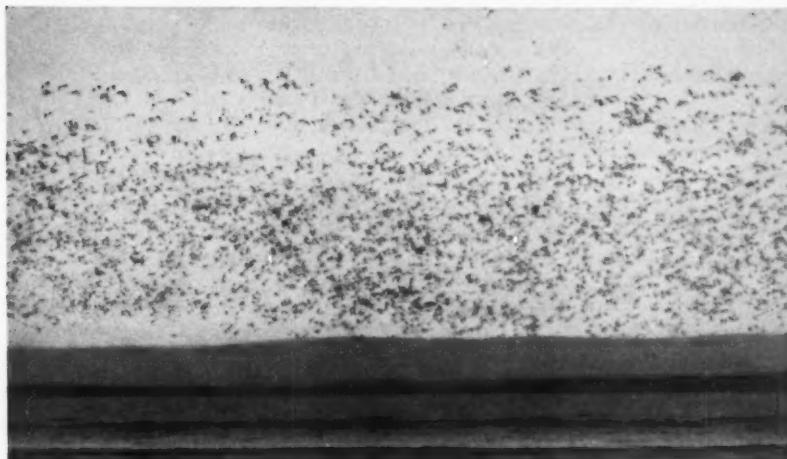


**Warden Odilon Pruneau**

Below and beyond them are the waters of the St. Lawrence sparkling under a canopy of blue sky studded with white clouds. Close by, rising from the landward side of the marsh, are the low mountains of Quebec, terminating in Cap Tourmente. To get this picture as a whole you may go to the eastern tip of

An interesting comment on these sudden alarms comes from the seventy-five-year-old warden at the marsh, Odilon Pruneau, a native of Quebec, who loves these Snow Geese and has watched over them for many years. He has gathered much lore in regard to them. He says that "the principal body of them when feeding is protected from danger by sentinels who hold themselves alert, and who, standing erect, here and there, their heads high, motionless, are ready to give a signal of alarm at any danger, especially from the land. Able, indeed, must be the hunter who can approach them without being discovered."

The scene on a fair day defies description. A multitude of snow-white birds gleam in the sunshine as they rise and fall, and fly to and fro, to the beat of black-tipped wings.



**Clouds of Snow Geese rising in alarm at St. Joachim**

the Isle of Orleans and look across to the marsh, two or three miles away. With your binocular you see the geese crowded along the shore looking at first glance like a fringe of snow or ice. If it be April, you may find it hard, indeed, to distinguish the geese from the ice floes left by the tide. But in the fall, when some of the color of autumn is still on the hills, and the geese are flying against the background of mountains, the scene is one of startling beauty.

Snow Geese were reported at St. Joachim in 1870, but that does not mean that it was their first appearance there, for a Jesuit priest recorded that on October 20, 1634, he visited an island in the St. Lawrence which, he says, "we might have called the island of the White Geese for I saw there more than a thousand of them in one flock." About 1900 the number was estimated at 2000 to 3000; in 1908 at 3000 to 4000; in 1937 at 10,000; in 1940 at 18,000; in the fall of 1951 at 45,000. The 1940 and the 1951 estimates for St. Joachim are consistent with estimates by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service of the number of birds wintering on the Atlantic coast.

These estimates reveal an extraordinary increase in numbers. Much credit for this is due the Cap Tourmente Fish and Game Club, which was organized in 1908, at a time when the small colony of birds at St. Joachim was being subjected to heavy hunting pressure. The club has been guided in its policies by Charles Frémont, Superintendent of the Department of Game and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec. It controls the shooting rights on the marsh and assumes the obligation of protecting it. It has only a few members, and it so regulates the shooting that only a relatively small number of geese are taken each fall.

In this country Snow Geese, both Greater and Lesser, were given full protection in 1931, when regulations provided a closed season for these species in all States bordering the Atlantic Ocean. Furthermore, national wildlife refuges were established on the southeastern Atlantic coast: in 1937 at Bombay Hook in Delaware Bay, and in 1938 at Back Bay on the Virginia coast and at Pea Island on the Carolina coast. It is estimated by the Fish and

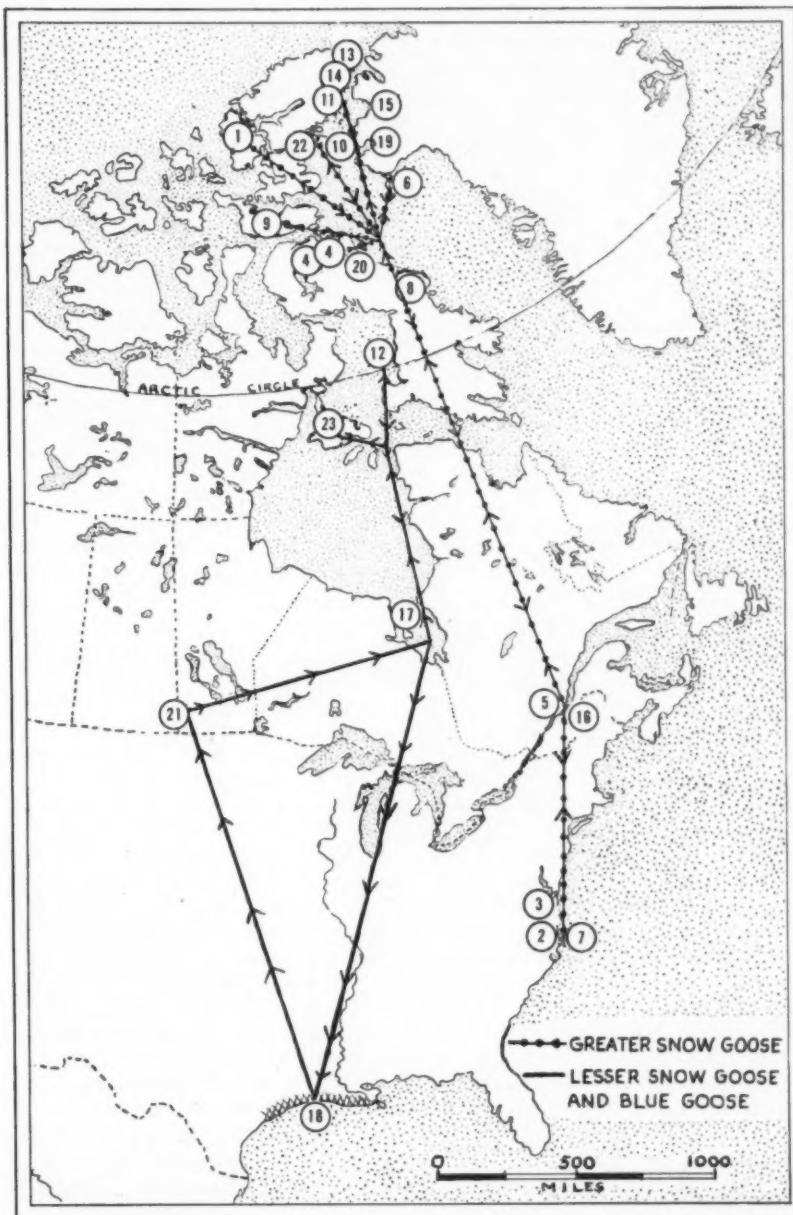
Wildlife Service that, roughly, one third of the wintering population are generally to be found in Delaware Bay and about two thirds along the Virginia and Carolina coasts. The Greater Snow Goose has, therefore, been protected since 1938 on both its migratory and wintering resting grounds, a fact which would seem clearly to explain the fourfold increase in numbers during the past fifteen years.

These birds appear, also, to be safe on the breeding areas. These areas are far to the north in the polar regions. Our knowledge of them is meager and comes principally from fragments out of the records of Arctic explorers of a past generation. Members of the Greely Expedition saw two pairs of Greater Snow Geese on Grant Land near Fort Conger (Lat. 82°) in June, 1882. Gibson, of the Peary Expedition, saw a pair with eight goslings in northwest Greenland at Lat. 77°40' in July, 1892. Ekblaw, of the Crocker Land Expedition, found breeding birds at about the same location. Donald MacMillan, the leader of that expedition, in his book *Etah and Beyond* (1927), says: "The bird undoubtedly nests north of Lat. 76° between Cape York and the great Humboldt Glacier. It is known to all Eskimos at Smith Sound, but as far as I can learn not one has ever found an egg. It probably nests inland on the shores of the numerous ponds and lakes between the Greenland Ice Cap and the sea. A flock of ten arrived at Etah on June 10, 1917. After circling around the Fiord they flew up over the 1000-foot hills and headed northward." Another authentic report is of the taking of a nest and eggs on Devon Island, some two hundred miles west of the Greenland coast across Baffin Bay. Later reports indicate other nesting sites. One is from members of the Canadian Royal Mounted Police in the Arctic area, who, in response to a questionnaire in 1936, reported two established nesting areas, one near Pond Inlet on Baffin Land and one on the southwest point of Bylot Island, facing Eclipse Sound (about Lat. 74°). There have also been reports by Eskimos, "apparently authentic," telling of nesting areas at Lake Hazen on Grant Land and on eastern parts of Axel Heiberg Island.

It should be remembered in connection with all these reports that travel in the polar north has in the past been restricted to the dog sled and that the nesting locations which have been mentioned could be reached in that way only with great difficulty, if at all, during the breeding season in June and July. This accounts for the lack of reports in recent years and indicates that up to the present time the nesting places of the Greater Snow Geese have been

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Cape York	6	Midwestern Prairie	21
Carolina and Virginia Coast	7	North Star Bay and McCormick Bay	19
Clyde River	8	Orleans (Isle)	16
Delaware Bay and Bombay Hook	3	Pea Island and Back Bay	2
Devon Island	9	Pond Inlet	20
Etah	10	St. Joachim and Cap Tourmente	5
Eclipse Sound and Bylot Island	4	Smith Sound	22
Fort Conger	11	Southampton Island	23
Foxe Basin	12	Tourmente (Cap)	5
Grant Land	13	Virginia and Carolina Coast	7
Hazen (Lake)	14	York (Cape)	6
Humboldt Glacier	15		



Nesting Areas and Migration Routes of the Greater Snow Goose, Lesser Snow Goose, and Blue Goose. Adapted from Soper's *Life History of the Blue Goose*.

well beyond the easy reach of man, even the Eskimo. It remains to be seen to what extent this situation may be changed and additional information made available through use of the airplane.

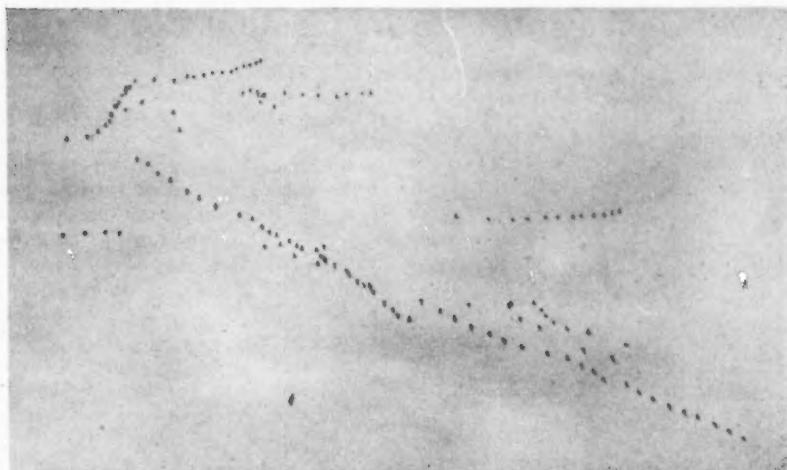
Great distances separate most of the indicated nesting sites. The site mentioned by Ekblaw is about three hundred miles northeast of Pond Inlet, which, in turn, is five hundred miles south of Fort Conger and Axel Heiberg Island. It would thus appear that the Greater Snow Geese, which, when migrating, gather in one compact flock within the confines of a single marsh, disperse during the breeding season over hundreds of miles of the uninhabited and most remote places of the Far North. Only a few other wild fowl are known to nest so far to the north, notably American Brant, Old-squaw, and the Northern and King Eiders.

Not many white men have seen a nesting site of the Greater Snow Goose, but Ekblaw, in a memorandum quoted by Bent, stated that the breeding birds which he found "nested in the grassy swales and flats along the lake-dotted flood plain of the streams which empty into North Star Bay. The nests are placed in depressions among the tussocks, built up somewhat with mud and grass and dead vegetation and lined with white feathers and down, and are much better constructed than the nests of the Eider and Old-squaw. The first eggs are laid soon after July 1 and hatch in about four weeks. The mothers and the young frequent the larger inland lakes until the young are able to walk and swim and dive fairly well and then they take to the open sea. The molt season comes on in late August. The geese then repair to the most remote and isolated lakes to be free from disturbance."

The Greater Snow Goose should not be confused with the Lesser Snow Goose. The plumages of the two species appear identical. The principal difference between them lies in the somewhat greater size and weight of the Greater Snow Goose—"a more stocky build, thicker neck and larger head." Peterson, in his *Field Guide to the Birds*, does not attempt to separate them by description but says in effect that you may know them by where you find them. Lesser Snow Geese breed over most of the Arctic regions of the American continent and winter in California and along the Gulf Coast. Many of them nest in association with the Blue Goose on the islands to the north of Hudson Bay, and these two birds are believed to migrate from wintering grounds on the Gulf coast up the Mississippi Valley to the prairies and marshes of northern United States and of southern Manitoba, where they loiter for a few weeks. They then fly east for a distance of five hundred miles or more to the vicinity of James Bay, thence north along the east side of Hudson Bay to an extensive nesting area on Southampton Island at the head of the bay and along that part of the southwestern coast of Baffin Land bordering Foxe Basin. On returning the Lesser Snow Geese, in company with the Blue Geese, come again to James Bay and then fly directly to the Gulf coast. The Canadian Wild Life Service states that the Lesser Snow Geese are then interspersed with the Blues in a ratio of about one Snow to forty Blues.

By contrast, the Greater Snow Goose is believed to follow almost a direct north-and-south course from the Carolina coast to its nesting areas several hundred miles to the north of those of the Blue and Lesser Snow Geese at Foxe Basin, and to return by the same route.

It seems reasonable to assume that the Greater Snow Goose as we now know it on the Atlantic coast is of the same species reported to have been abundant from Maine to the Carolinas when New England was first settled. Forbush



**Flock of Snow Geese in flight formation coming in over the marsh at Cap Tourmente**

says that one of the early chroniclers, writing of New England (1629-1634), speaks of "a white goose almost as big as an English tame goose that was here in great flocks of two to three thousand." Hence the few birds noted on the St. Lawrence at the turn of the century were doubtless a remnant of the species which was abundant in Colonial days, and the protection given them in Canada in 1908 probably saved them from extinction. The increase in numbers which has subsequently occurred is likely to continue because of the added protection now afforded by the wildlife refuges on the Atlantic coast. The present population of 45,000 looks large when crowded into a limited area of marsh near Cap Tourmente, but it is relatively very small when compared with the numbers of certain other American water fowl. The population of Blue Geese, for example, is estimated in the millions. The margin of safety for the Greater Snow Goose is very narrow and would be precarious were it not for the fact that the birds appear safe on the breeding areas and are protected on most of their migratory and winter resting grounds.

In the fall when the geese return to the St. Lawrence from the Far North, they are said to have become thin and worn by their summer labors and to be substantially under their normal weight of from six to ten pounds, but after resting and feeding at St. Joachim their weight is restored. The birds begin to appear on the marsh by the middle of September, and by mid-October the entire population has arrived. With what wonder does one then look upon this gathering! The mature birds since leaving for the North in the middle of May have made a round-trip flight over northern wastes and Arctic tundra of about four thousand miles. They have reared their young in the farthest North and have brought them safely to the marsh. In a few weeks, when the freeze-up comes, they depart for the Carolina coast. On a day, or on a night, in late November, they rise over the marsh, almost all of them in one great flock, and, turning and returning in immense circles, disappear on the horizon. How deeply hidden in the mystery of life are the laws that move and guide them!

## Wildwood Camp: An Inspiration For Youth

BY MARY LELA GRIMES



children to have the basic experience in life of testing, accepting, and understanding the natural world.

Also, there exists a plethora of opportunities for secondhand learning experiences, such as movies, television, and spectator sports. These factors, combined with the basic satisfaction which children derive from discovering through their own individual senses, explain the assurance and enthusiasm with which parents and children have responded to the program of Wildwood Nature Camp.

In guiding the campers to observe and study nature, the staff of Wildwood have found one experience a common one to many of the children. It was the elated cry of "I've read about that in a book!" or "We talked about these in science class!" or "I've seen one on television!" Then seeing the enthusiasm with which the children respond to the actual experience itself, one becomes aware of the limitations of purely academic knowledge in providing the "whole" education. No picture can describe the ethereal, delicate beauty of a May-fly that moves and breathes and carries in its frail body all the mysterious functions of life. What word description in a science text can arouse the breathless wonder generated by actually watching the magic of rebirth from a crawling larva into an elegant, graceful moth? Even movies and television disassociate one from the power of the actual experience. A snake on a television show, hungrily grasping a living frog, gives a different impact from seeing the real thing. To accept the reality of death and of the prey and predator relationship in nature becomes a necessity when one sees a living animal facing the challenge of finding food and preserving its own existence at the cost of other life.

We of the Massachusetts Audubon Society feel that the response to Wildwood proves that in its unique approach to camping a neglected need in the modern child's educational experience is being met. In 1950 Wildwood opened with ten children enrolled for two weeks. In 1952, thirty-two were enrolled in each of the two-week sessions, some remaining at the camp for the entire four-week period.

Before going into an explanation of some of the objectives of Wildwood and how they were met in actual programming, it should be stated that the same aims are carried out in the five day camps operated by the Society and

It is a paradox in an era so concerned about methods of education that there should be an actual destitution of opportunities for children to learn from immediate association with nature. Without challenging the validity of such emphasis, it is in order to point out that in educational circles great significance is often attached to audio-visual aids, physical equipment, and techniques, leaving little opportunity for serious concern about creating occasions for urban

in the Audubon conservation program which reaches into approximately four hundred schoolrooms in Massachusetts. However, in Wildwood an optimum of circumstances is available, for each child is in residence, living on a sanctuary, in the midst of nature, associated with the problems and methods of maintaining a natural area. The staff members are carefully chosen for their enthusiasm, knowledge, and understanding of the problems of children. Living with the campers, they inculcate attitudes of conservation, appreciation of beauty, and respect for all forms of life.

First, and primarily, the staff attempts to introduce the campers to the fun and creative experiences which exist in nature hobbies. Emphasis is placed on cultivating the initial interest of the campers and providing occasions for each child to pursue some projects of his own. Though birds as a topic heads the popularity list, opportunities for developing various phases of nature interest are offered. In each area, chances for experience in the field, research about the topic, and methods of pursuing the topics in various ways are available. Constantly the children are urged to enjoy living things in their native environment, not necessarily to collect them. Many boys and girls eagerly make insect collections, but others just as eagerly build rearing cages and carefully nurture ugly-looking caterpillars, anxiously awaiting the day when they will make the great change!

Learning becomes a process of fun, associated with the thrill of discovery on the trail and the enthusiasm of other campers and staff interested in finding out new things. As one 1952 camper, Elsie Kellogg, expressed it in verse:

Lots of birds that we have seen,  
Red and yellow, black and green,  
As they sit there in their nests,  
Singing gaily like little guests.  
Insects we have thought about  
In rainy weather and in drought;  
Last of all we think of butterflies  
With all sorts of pretty dyes.

Another camper, Judy Vogel, describing a trip to Quabbin Reservoir, said: "Our guide, Mr. Campbell, told us all about Quabbin. It has over 200 miles of shore line and is the largest man-made drinking supply reservoir in the world. . . . On the grounds of Quabbin we saw a bald eagle, and a kingbird nesting. In the woods we saw a rattlesnake plantain which is very rare around this locality. We also saw the round-leaved sundew plant which is insectivorous. After a successful trip we went back to camp. I had a wonderful time!"

Secondly, the staff aims toward instilling a sense of deep appreciation of beauty in nature and of respect for all life. Believing that these esthetic experiences, combined with knowledge, are a sound basis for inculcating conservation ideals, many portions of the program, directly or indirectly, are conservation education at the same time that they are fun!

Plants and flowers are not merely identified. The boys and girls learn about the uses made of them by Indians, of their economic value to man, their edibility and how to prepare them for camp food, of their artistic beauty and how they can be used as subjects for sketching, prints, or design. When a representative of the Soil Conservation Service spent a morning in camp, the boys and girls looked at plants in a different way. They found out that a specialist could tell what kind of soil was underneath the forest cover,

he could tell how well the land was drained by what grew there, and he could prevent erosion and build up water supply by planting a cover for land.

Through keeping reptiles, amphibians, and mammals as temporary pets, the boys and girls learn to respect life and assume responsibility for caring for it. They face the difficulty of duplicating the food of wild life and realize how each creature thrives best in its natural environment. They visit ponds and woods and fields and observe the different habitats. One girl, Ann Kilham, entitled a newspaper article "Don't Get Ideas!" In the text she elaborated on the theme, "Never get the idea that an insect pest should be exterminated completely, because this will upset the balance of nature."

Allied with the spirit of conservation is learning to live intelligently in the out-of-doors. The children cook out, camp out, and face in a group atmosphere the problems of living together, preparing their food, and assuming responsibility for safety and good citizenship in the natural world.

The spirit of Wildwood seems a fulfillment of the spirit of good camping! It is not just transferring activities from the city to the country. Rather is it utilizing the new situation which children are placed in when they go to camp to stimulate new fields of interest and the fun of adventurous living. With attention given to rocks, trees, flowers, soil, water, birds, mammals, and all the natural world, every trip becomes a great adventure. Even the much-loved swim is often interrupted when someone screams, "There goes a Great Blue!" or "Say-y-y, what was that?"

But after all analyses and evaluation, the spirit of camp is best expressed by one of those young people for whom we hope there will always be a Wildwood.

### Summer at Cook's Canyon

BY NANCY GORHAM

The giant pine trees softly whisper and moan  
While the brook ripples over the moss-covered stone.  
Down in the canyon the winter wren sings,  
And all through the woods his beautiful song rings.  
Now by the pond I hear the frogs croak  
While they sit in the shallow water and soak.  
As ferns wave themselves in the gentle breeze,  
The mysterious songs of the woods never cease.

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### Vice-Presidents Elected

At the June meeting of the Board of Directors Guy Emerson and John Kieran, both of New York City, were elected Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Society. Mr. Emerson and Mr. Kieran are summer residents of Massachusetts and in future years may reside permanently in the Bay State.

Mr. Kieran was the subject of the serial article "Ornithologists Alive!" in the April *Bulletin*, but since that time his new book *A Beginner's Guide to Wild Flowers* has been published.

Mr. Emerson, Treasurer and a former President of the National Audubon Society, was brought up in Massachusetts and spends his summers on Martha's Vineyard. He says, "My first steps into the world of birds were taken in and around Brookline when I was nine years old. And for the past fifteen years I have had the pleasure of one or two deeply satisfying trips a year with Ludlow Griscom in Essex County."

## Nature's Calendar—October

BY RICHARD HEADSTROM

As the days follow one another relentlessly to complete the cycle of the year and the rays of the sun begin to strike the earth less directly, there occurs a noticeable change in our New England weather. The hot sultry days of summer, with nights of restless slumber and insect annoyances, now become a memory as lovely golden days and clear cool nights provide us with refreshing sleep and instill in us a new zest for living. No need, either, to worry about the summer's drought, for the fields and gardens are no longer in need of quickening showers, and before long the rains of November will come to replenish springs and dried-up ponds in preparation for the winter season. No need to concern ourselves with anything but to enjoy this delightful time of year, when all nature is in a mood for one final climactic display before the bleak, drab days that lie immediately ahead bring the cycle of the seasons to a close.

From early dawn, when the eastern sky becomes suffused with glorious tints, until sunset glow, the fields and woods take on a kaleidoscope of colors that are as rich and varied as were worn in the gayest weeks of spring; only now it is not the colors of brilliant blossoms but of countless gaudy leaves. Along woodland borders and in woody swamps, red maples unfurl a multitude of scarlet flags that flutter uncertainly in the breeze; sumacs fire thickets and waste places or make their way along fence rows, over deserted fields, or up rocky, gravelly mountainsides like licking tongues of flame; by winding streams red oaks, now a rich purplish red, guide the rippling water on its endless flow to the sea; and here and there scarlet oaks, transformed into flaming torches, stand brilliant against the blue October sky. Even the poison ivy seems to have a place in autumn's pageant as it relieves shady coves and hidden nooks with a brilliant crimson, while the Virginia creeper, in rich cardinal, decorates the sombre boles of dark evergreens.

But all is not red or crimson or scarlet, for on the distant upland the beech, in tints of palest Naples yellow, glistens beneath dancing sunbeams. The birch, too, in rocky barrens and old fields, challenges the golden sunshine, and everywhere the sugar maple appears to run the gamut of colors, often ending with a patchwork that defies description.

Aside from the asters and goldenrods, few wildflowers are in bloom at this late date, yet wherever we may go we find some species that bravely continue to blossom, though chilling frosts have begun to creep over the earth. We may still see the yellow flowers of the Jerusalem artichoke, gleaming like miniature suns above fence rows and stone walls; the daisy fleabane in neighboring fields; the soft purple blossoms of the blazing star in dry uninviting places; and the yellow blossoms of the bur marigold where the water of pond and stream laps the shore. We cannot miss the tiny blossoms of the chickweed and shepherd's purse, which never seem to stop flowering, nor the ladies'-tresses should we venture into wet meadows, where patches of gerardia peep over the grass. But rare indeed is the fringed gentian, and only if we are lucky may we discover this dainty flower as it "looks through its fringes to the sky" from some woodland border.

But before long these flowers, too, will fade and wither, and as the days become shorter and the nights cooler the insects, already on the wane, will

vanish rapidly from the scene. Even now the ground beetles are retiring beneath logs and stones, and the termites are migrating deeper into the soil as wasps and bumblebee queens seek a winter refuge and the honeybees drive forth the drones and otherwise prepare for winter. No longer may the drone of the cicadas be heard, though the field crickets continue their nightly serenades and at times a snowy tree cricket may "sing" in a treetop. Gnats and flies still dance in the sunshine, occasionally a red admiral may be seen visiting a blossoming flower, and dragonflies may still be observed darting through the air over pond and streams, where whirligigs and striders and diving beetles and water scorpions swim through the water or crawl among the submerged vegetation. But soon all of these will disappear, some to die, some to hide in a hidden nook, and others to bury themselves in the bottom mud until the early spring sun warms them into active life again.

With insects less abundant, the October birds are chiefly those that subsist on seeds and berries. A few insect eaters still remain, but most of them have left for the South, and before many days have passed the others, too, will follow. Indeed, the sparrows already are gathering in fields and meadows, flocks of grackles are passing through cornfields and orchards, and the hawks are in full flight. Meanwhile the winter visitors are beginning to arrive from their nesting range in the north, and various transients can be observed in roadsides thickets or clearings as they tarry for awhile before continuing on their southward journey. And everywhere the woods resound with the raucous chorus of the Blue Jays as they speed through the air, giving warning cry to chipmunk and squirrel and other creatures, now busy gathering falling nuts, that the hunter is abroad. The chipmunk is particularly industrious, for he has not many more days to spend abroad, and as frosty nights become more frequent and the ground gets colder and harder the mole digs deeper beneath the soil.

On a warm sunny day a peeper may sing, but these diminutive frogs are now nestling down under moss and leaves. Leopard frogs, too, are seeking the mud of marsh and stream, and as spotted salamanders crawl into holes beneath the leaf cover of the forest floor, young adults of the spotted newt, still bearing traces of their youthful coloration, move toward ponds and weed-grown brooks.

Also feeling the pinch of lower temperatures, garter snakes congregate for a last sunning before disappearing into their hibernating quarters, wood turtles dig into the bottom mud of ponds and streams or into holes along the banks, and snails make their way into tree trunks or bury themselves in moss, dead leaves, or in the ground. Most spiders have already made their winter preparations, but a few species are still active. You have only to examine a goldenrod head to find a crab spider lurking there, or look about in the fields to find wolf spiders running over the ground. Or perhaps you may see young spiders ballooning through the air, for this is the time of the year when they spin their tiny parachutes and take sail for distant places.

October does not seem a likely time for mating, and yet the brook trout finds this season suited for courtship and egg-laying, and as the month draws to a close and the ferns turn brown and die and the winds grow stronger and leaves fall more rapidly, turning the landscape into one of desolation, the bucks of deer range wide and far in search of mates, and the woods echo the sound of battle as rivals charge each other with stabbing antlers and striking hoofs.

### Thumbnail Sketches of Our Directors



**OAKES I. AMES.** Oakes I. Ames, Chairman of the Board of Directors, has been a member of the Board since 1943. His youth was spent in the Blue Hill section of Milton, where he attended Milton Academy as a day scholar. He completed his college course at Harvard in three years, graduating *cum laude* in economics.

In the summer of 1916 he served as a private with the 1st Mass. Field Artillery National Guard on the Mexican border, and in the summer of 1917 he was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant of Field Artillery at the first Plattsburg Camp. He attended the Field Artillery School at Saumur, France, and was assigned to the 150th Field Artillery Regiment of the 42nd (Rainbow) Division in January, 1918. He participated in the July defensive action in the Champagne sector under General Gouraud, and in the Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives during World War I. After

his service with the U. S. Army of Occupation at Neuenahr, Germany, he studied agriculture at the A.E.F. University at Beaune, France; practical horticulture under the French at Versailles; and, finally, he took courses at the Institute Agronomique in Paris, which allowed plenty of time for excursions into the surrounding country to enjoy the agriculture and horticulture there.

Mr. Ames says that his business career exemplified the rolling stone that gathers no moss, for he was in production work with Dennison Manufacturing Company, Hood Rubber Company, and Boston Woven Hose and Rubber Company, also in investment research and counseling work with Estabrook and Company, Stone & Webster, and Loomis Sayles & Company. However, he finally found his niche in late 1934 when he became president of Mount Auburn Cemetery, where his horticultural knowledge and business experience could be put to good use and where he might see as many bird-watchers as birds during the May migration season.

In 1923 he was married to Harriet H. Hatch, of Medford. Their older son, Oakes, was graduated from Harvard Business School *magna cum laude* in 1949, and their younger son, George Stanley, upon graduation from Harvard in June, 1952, began a two years' service as a lieutenant in the marines. As both sons were married in 1952, the year will rank as an eventful one for the Ames family.

In addition to finding pleasure in ornithology and horticulture, Mr. Ames's taste in reading runs to history, economics, and biographies, as well as to

natural science. He knows that education does not stop with college but is a continuing process with increasing rewards.

In connection with his Board duties, Mr. Ames has promoted the work of the Society through sanctuary activities and the development of good programs for the Annual Meeting and the Annual Lecture Series. Presently he is a trustee of the Children's Museum in Jamaica Plain and a director of the Cambridge Homes for Aged People.

### Laurence B. Fletcher Lectures for British Societies

On a brief visit to London in June, Laurence B. Fletcher, of Cohasset, for many years a director of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, had the privilege of presenting his famous hummingbird lecture at a meeting of The Royal Society, the most distinguished scientific group of Great Britain, and he was immediately asked to repeat the program for the Rothamsted Experimental Station of the Lawes Agricultural Trust, at Harpenden, Herts, the oldest station of its kind in the world.

Some idea of the warm reception given Mr. Fletcher and the praise accorded the film may be gained from commendatory letters received after the presentation of these programs.

Dr. G. R. deBeer, Director of the British Museum, who introduced Mr. Fletcher at the meeting of The Royal Society, wrote: "It is with great pleasure that I write to repeat what I said this afternoon before your audience, that the film of the Ruby-throated Hummingbird, which you were so very kind as to show us, is not only the most beautiful I have ever seen, but also the most interesting as a contribution to the advancement of knowledge in one of the most difficult fields of ornithology, to which I should also like to add my deep appreciation of the charm of the commentary by which it was accompanied."

David Brunt, Physical Secretary of The Royal Society, expressed warmest thanks of the officers of the Society for the showing of the film and for the "stimulating commentary" which accompanied it, and added: "This film, with its excellent photography, was of deep scientific interest and was very much appreciated by those who witnessed it."

E. D. Adrian, President of The Royal Society, wrote of the film: "I need not tell you how much it was enjoyed, for you saw us all enjoying it — and we appreciated not only the finished product but the skilled and persistent work which must have been needed to make such a complete account of these charming little creatures. It was the greatest pleasure to see a film in which Arts and Sciences were so well blended!"

Dr. Tom Goodey, expressing the pleasure of all his colleagues at Rothamsted Experimental Station, said "Everyone was delighted."

*The Illustrated London News*, in its issue of August 23, carried a unique photograph, full page, supplied by Mr. Fletcher, of a female Ruby-throated Hummingbird flying down to a gladiolus, only to find a bee just about to go into the flower ahead of her.

Mr. Fletcher's many friends and associates add their congratulations!

***Is Your Neighbor a Member of the***

***Massachusetts Audubon Society?***

## "So Much for So Little"

### Fall Offensive

With our membership heavily reinforced during the summer months and a goodly number of old members moving up higher in the ranks and now "wearing stars," as shown in the list below, we are preparing for a year of unusual effort in the teaching, preaching, and practice of conservation principles that will guarantee permanent results, state-wide or nation-wide. Our offensive is three-pronged, moving forward (1) through our school classes, a fertile field indeed for sowing the seed; (2) through our wildlife sanctuaries, which are being developed into ever stronger conservation centers throughout Massachusetts; and (3) through a vigorous public relations program reaching into every stratum of society by means of newspaper, radio, and television publicity, as well as by an effective lecture service. And as our power and performance is commensurate with membership support, it is obvious that *every Audubon member counts for conservation*. To our new members, therefore, we extend a warm welcome to participation with us.

For the first time in our fifty-five years of active service for Conservation the membership of the Massachusetts Audubon Society has topped the Eight Thousand mark! *Our Goal of Ten Thousand Members Draws Nearer!*

#### Life Members

- \*\*Bovey, Martin K., Concord
- Burr, Winthrop Ames, Mattapoisett
- Houghton, Dr. John D., Newton Ctr.
- \*\*\*Metcalf, Miss Elsie R., Franklin

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- Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Chester K., Bennington, Vt.
- \*\*Campbell, Miss Doris M., Cambridge
- Camp Glenmere, Inc., Monterey
- \*\*Cannon, Mrs. Bradford, Lincoln
- Crompton, George, 3rd, W. Falmouth
- \*\*Davidson, Mrs. Grace T., Ipswich
- Friend, Mrs. Archer D., Beverly
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- Haines, Arthur W., Topsfield
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\*Hahn, Miss Barbara M., Newton

\*Hall, H. Dwight, Winthrop

\*Hall, Mrs. Joseph A., Brookline

Hamershlag, Robert J., Katonah, N. Y.

\*Hammond, Mrs. Thomas, Williamsburg

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\*Hedges, Mark R., Topsfield

\*Holden, Eugene M., M.D., Amherst

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Hutchinson, Edward C., Petersham

Hutchinson, Mrs. James A., Boston

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- Luther, Miss Caroline M., Wollaston
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- \*Mann, Mrs. Helen B., Weston
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- \*Moore, Miss Annette A., Buffalo, N. Y.
- \*Murphy, Miss Annie E., Worcester
- \*Muhl, Valdur, Sharon
- \*Needham, Mrs. R. T., Brookline
- Parker, Charles A., Cambridge
- Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B.,  
Wayland
- Pembroke-Hanson Garden Club  
Bryantville
- \*Phillips, William, N. Beverly
- \*Phinney, Miss Marian E., Winthrop
- \*Price, Mrs. Helen Ashton, W. Concord
- Reggio, A. William, M.D., Medfield
- \*Richardson, Albert E., Jr., W. Medford
- \*Rudin, Mrs. Edwin H., Malden
- Ryan, Mrs. Edward F., Manchester
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- \*Schlesinger, Mrs. Alfred, Williamstown
- Sears, Mrs. Mason, Dedham
- \*Sleeper, Mrs. Donald N., Medford
- \*Smith, Frank Edwin, Arlington
- Smith, Mrs. Marion R., Arlington
- \*Snelling, Miss M. F., Dedham
- Snyder, Mrs. Joseph J.,  
Wellesley Hills
- Souza, Mrs. Franklin B.,  
Weymouth Hts.
- Stoneham Garden Club, Stoneham
- Test, Edward W., Cambridge
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### News of Bird Clubs

Officers of the ALLEN BIRD CLUB, Springfield, Massachusetts, elected at the annual meeting of the club in May, are as follows: Ernest Yates, President; William A. Tompkins, Vice-President; Miss Florance B. Wight, Treasurer; Miss Mabel A. Potter, Secretary. The club has planned three field trips for October, the first, on October 4, will be a visit to Fannie Stebbins Memorial Wildlife Refuge in Longmeadow, led by Ralph Baierlein, starting at 1:00 P.M.; on October 11 Ernest Yates will lead a trip to the southern end of Quabbin Reservoir, Belchertown, starting at 8:30 A.M.; on October 18 Robert Merhar will lead a trip to the Mundale filter beds in Westfield and to Cobble Mountain Reservoir in Blandford, starting at 8:30 A.M. All trips leave from the Museum Quadrangle in Springfield. The first meeting of the season will be "Members' Night," held at the Museum of Natural History at 8:00 P.M., October 6. On October 20 Robert C. Hermes will present his color film "Bonaventure Diary," a "Screen Tour" of the National Audubon Society.

### Notes from Our Sanctuaries

**TERN ISLAND.** In April, Tern Island was burned over as usual, the accumulated litter was removed, and sufficient ploughing was done to eliminate excessive beach grass. The terns nested at the regular time, with the colony larger than last year. The territory on the outer side, which had been washed away by winter storms in recent years, has been replaced by the sand deposited on the inner side when the harbor was dredged. This area is now well grassed and was occupied extensively this season. Again no rats invaded the colony. In mid-June pullorum disease took toll of a few adults and some of the early hatched chicks, but this was of short duration. The chick survival was larger than last year and was adequate.

All the colonies of the Cape Cod group fared well. There were no mishaps, no predation. Adult and chick mortality reached a new low. Plymouth was the largest colony, yielding 7089 chicks for banding, but all the others raised the number their size should produce.

It is regretted that the rapidly increasing automobile travel on the beaches by surf-casters and picnic parties is disrupting breeding by the Least Terns and Piping Plovers and is killing many of the chicks. Nauset, North Point, and Plymouth suffer most.

OLIVER L. AUSTIN, SR.

**ARCADIA.** There have been so many activities at Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary during the past three months that only a sketchy summary of the highlights is possible. A successful Day Camp extending over a six-week period was completed in mid-August. The program was under the direction of Miss Phoebe G. Arnold, assisted by two volunteer junior counselors, Miss Mary Louise Van Gelder, of Moorestown, New Jersey, and Miss Patsy J. Mason, of Arcadia. Day Camp woodworking crafts were carried on under David Kitson, while James Trudeau assisted with the forestry projects. The final Parents Night program brought together fifty-three people at the Sanctuary. The final Day Camp group of eleven- and twelve-year-olds completed a forestry project which included a weeding operation to improve the condition of a stand of lady's-slipper and a release cutting to improve the permanent stand of trees, using the brush to halt erosion on a bank. They also improved the Mt. Tom Lookout on Warbler Trail, so that the vista from the new bench at that point will be a beauty spot enjoyed by visitors to the Sanctuary for many years to come.

Prior to the summer playground and Day Camp season, Arcadia Sanctuary participated in a training program for youth leaders under the auspices of the Northampton Council of Social Agencies. An attempt was made to point out how natural history could be worked into programs of camps and playgrounds. At this time, also, a group of teachers taking a university extension course in natural history under Clifford Moore, Curator of the Trailside Museum, Forest Park, Springfield, spent an evening at the Sanctuary devoted to teaching techniques both in and out of the classroom, with especial reference to trail trips and trail signs.

Welcome additions to the office and the Members' Room facilities were an oak desk and filing cabinet, which came as a gift from the George W. Prentiss Wire Company, of Holyoke, through the courtesy of Earle H. Thomas of the



DAVID KITSON

**Interested Parents Visit Arcadia Day Camp.**

Arcadia Advisory Committee. Still another fine addition was a silhouette of our wood duck emblem for the top of the new entrance sign, wrought in brass by Theodore Boulais, of South Hadley Falls.

Swallows were well represented at Arcadia this summer. Besides our large Tree Swallow colony and the growing Cliff Swallow colony, there was a nice addition to the Barn Swallows present. This influx resulted from the tearing down of a near-by barn. Additional wooden cleats were installed when this was noticed, and at least five pairs took up residence at the Sanctuary. One pair nested over the heads of the day campers, the nestlings being a source of considerable interest as they became big enough to sit up well in the nest, and later on the roof beam. The use of water traps in the bird-banding program resulted in seventy-two Catbirds and thirty-six Purple Finches taken in the immediate vicinity of Headquarters. Small numbers of several other species were taken, including Towhees, House Wren, Brown Thrasher, Scarlet Tanager, Baltimore Oriole, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, and one perfectly plumaged Indigo Bunting. The brightly plumaged birds were a pure joy to the day campers. One of the Rose-breasted Grosbeaks banded was found in Florence, some four miles away, five days after the banding date.

One American Egret graced the Marsh on August 8 and 9. It was first seen by the Misses Harriett S. Abbot and Gertrude W. Dexter, of Beverly. The Great Blue was constantly present, five being seen at one time in July. As August ended, newcomers were showing up, Miss Phoebe Arnold recording eighteen Baldpates on the 23rd and a lone Osprey adding dignity to the blue dome of sky over the blue carpet of pickerelweed spread among the dancing waters of Arcadia Marsh.

EDWIN A. MASON

**IPSWICH RIVER.** With the advent of stimulating autumn weather, a review of the summer months at the Sanctuary is quite in contrast. In spite of the long drought and the low water level of the river, the marsh and river meadows remained green all summer. The heavy rainfall of the spring kept these areas flooded through June. There apparently was a good duck breeding season. Many Black Ducks had broods and at least one pair of Blue-winged Teal. About a third of the Wood Duck nesting boxes were occupied. From my observations, I should say that the Wood Duck is away down in this area and Essex County in general.

Several new species were added to the Sanctuary list during May, a Blue-winged Warbler on the 11th, a White-eyed Vireo on the 24th, a Yellow-throated Vireo and a Kentucky Warbler on the 25th, and a Mourning Warbler on the 30th. During the late afternoon and early evening of the 30th, some forty or more Nighthawks put on a fine show of aerial maneuvers about the hilltop. And darting about and diving in perfect formation, the jetlike Chimney Swifts intercepted them. On June 1 we banded three immature Screech Owls that were hatched in a nesting box. A breeding Saw-whet Owl was the highlight of the season. Two Ruffed Grouse nests with good clutches of eggs were located, and the nest and young of a Marsh Hawk were found in Averill's Island Swamp. Woodcocks were numerous, and we flushed them along the trails all summer.

Deer browsed in the vegetable garden. Weasels raised their young in the woodshed. Raccoons rested during the day in the old Bradstreet elm. Young Foxes were seen. Woodchucks, Muskrats, and Cottontail Rabbits were common.

The very low river enabled me to enjoy what Thoreau called a "fluvial walk." In an old pair of sneakers and a pair of shorts, somewhat different from the toga he wore, I waded the meandering river — now on clear gravel, then sinking in soft mud. A sure way to see ducks, herons, and many of the smaller species, particularly the Long-billed Marsh Wren. A delightful way to study the secrets of the river.

Many new bird-feeding stations were presented to the Sanctuary by Mr. and Mrs. Parker C. Reed, of Lexington.

The pink, green, and white leaves of the kolomikta vine, *Actinidia kolomikta*, and the particularly handsome trumpet honeysuckle, *Lonicera sempervirens*, with its scarlet, trumpet-shaped flowers, intrigued visitors.

The Day Camp was again fully enrolled, and the workshop has been remodeled and redecorated and electricity installed. It is our hope to create an interesting little museum in the middle room.

I was rewarded, after conducting a particularly wild and callous group of youngsters about the Sanctuary, by having one bright-eyed urchin, with all the poetry in his soul, look up at the hemlocks and say, "Jeest — do I love the woods." Also in the same group, which had a list of some twenty things to watch for and identify (including the hoofprint of a deer) was one boy who yelled, "Here is one!" only to have another boy, after a quick examination, and with much scorn, announce, "That ain't no deer — some high-heeled dame has been through here."

The many interesting oaks, crabs, viburnums, and other nut-bearing and fruit-bearing trees and shrubs should interest the visitors during the October days.

ELMER FOYE

MOOSE HILL. The story of summer activity at Moose Hill is largely that of the successful operation of the sixth Natural History Day Camp that began on July 7 and continued for six weeks. It is with a real sense of pleasure and satisfaction that we are able to report that this year's camp exceeded all previous sessions in number of participants as well as in interest and enthusiasm. We believe that our current roster of campers gave a very creditable demonstration of the Society's credo of "Conservation in Action."

With approximately thirty "eager beavers" reporting for each of the three two-week sessions, the preparation and carrying out of the nature program involved no small expenditure of effort and time on the part of the staff, but the rewards were written in broad letters on the faces of the boys and girls who accepted so wholeheartedly the great amount of fun and satisfaction involved in getting better acquainted with outdoor life. Moose Hill was fortunate in having back its entire Day Camp staff of last year, which included, besides the Sanctuary Director, veteran Trailmaster Fred Cushing, Harry Levi of the regular Audubon teaching staff, and Miss Jeanne Hill of the Norfolk public school system. During the latter part of the season the excellent services of Bob Hellmann, a Cornell conservation education major, were made available.

If the number of repeater campers coming to Moose Hill is any indication of the quality of the program offered, it might be pointed out that in the last period alone over twenty were boys and girls electing to come back for their second or third year. Many families were represented by two or three campers, and the Meekins of Foxboro stopped short only when their quota of four was completely exhausted.

The core of the Day Camp program revolved about the field trips taken on or near the Sanctuary. So that the camper's experience in learning how to feel more at home out of doors would be as broad and comprehensive as possible within the time limitations allowed, the trips were geared to a variety of definite objectives. On some occasions the stress was placed on getting acquainted with the resident bird life, at other times on the capture and recognition of various forms of land and water insects, and still other trips gave emphasis to the trailside trees and shrubs or the wild flowers. Always there was borne in mind the important over-all relationships that exist among the different forms, thus establishing on the level of the camper's mind a certain perspective and insight about which the welfare of his own life revolves. Once the eyes and ears of a group of campers were alerted to the hidden treasury of the world of nature, their log of fascinating discoveries was long and varied. Little seemed to escape their searching senses, and oftentimes the combined resources of the teaching staff, the Sanctuary library, and the campers themselves were necessary to establish the identity of a particular find. The conglomerate of biota that prying eyes unearthed included such items as nesting Kingbirds, Goldfinches, and Hummingbirds; marbled salamanders; black widow spiders; red-blotched milk snakes; water scorpions; ant lions; osage oranges; stinkhorns; spangled fritillaries; tree frogs; and froghoppers. The sight of a zealous corps of thirty or more youngsters armed with nets and collecting bottles descending upon field and woodland in hot pursuit of insect forms might easily have aroused fears of a seriously depleted population, especially among the ranks of dragonflies and butterflies, but always there appeared to be more than enough to meet the needs of the most ardent collector.

The afternoon Day Camp activities were devoted largely to nature crafts closely correlated with the current schedule of field trips and ran the gamut of building birdhouses and feeders, making various leaf prints, mounting insects, and preparing special displays or exhibits. Each camping period concluded with a Visitors Day, which provided the campers an opportunity to share with their parents some of the fun and profit in day camping. The parental response on this day was always very gratifying and almost invariably it all ended with the departing camper's hopeful "See you next year."

Throughout the summer the Sanctuary trails and facilities were used by groups and individuals from a widely scattered area. The proximity of Moose Hill to Massapoag Lake in Sharon accounted for the presence of many large groups of campers from that section. One of the most seriously interested groups to which the Sanctuary was host was a class of over fifty Boston University students in outdoor education under the leadership of Dr. John Read.

ALBERT W. BUSSEWITZ

**PLEASANT VALLEY.** May and June may be two of the busiest bird months at Pleasant Valley, with nesting and all that it entails quickly following on the heels of the spring migration, but July and August are by far the busiest months so far as human activity is concerned. It would appear that in the neighborhood of ten thousand people visit the Sanctuary yearly, though this is difficult to check accurately. Most of this migration of people takes place in the summer months.

The Trailsid Museum is seen by almost everyone who comes to the Sanctuary. This year we were fortunate enough to have Chan Fulton back again as a full-fledged member of the staff. He spent a large part of his time in the museum and brought it to a new peak of attractiveness and interest. Among the more or less permanent exhibits completed this spring and summer are the insect electric naming game and the new hawk exhibit. The latter has half-size plywood cutouts of common Berkshire hawks, copied after Peterson and hung below a panel of blue sky set in the ceiling. A clever electric game was devised which adds greatly to the interest of this unique exhibit.

During the month of August we were fortunate enough to have two very fine loan exhibits, a collection of beautiful miniature carvings of various waterfowl by John Gillies, of Lenox, and a magnificent photographic essay on the White-tailed Deer by W. J. Schoonmaker, of the New York State Museum at Albany. Other exhibits that have attracted special attention are the woodland garden, cut flower collection, the live insects, and the observation beehive.

Melville Thomason, of Lenox, volunteered his services for the summer and gave especially able service in the museum. Harold Hansen, of Arlington, gave us three weeks of his vacation again this year. Trails were cleared, signs erected, buildings repaired, and many other things were done with Mr. Hansen's help.

Many of the established summer camps of the Berkshires receive assistance from the Sanctuary in their nature program. Chan Fulton and I spent a good part of the summer taking camp groups on guided field trips. Each group, usually about fifteen in number, was taken out on the trails for about an hour and a half. These hikes are not bird walks, but trips that touch on all phases of nature. The latter part of the trip usually included a game to test the campers' powers of observation, and this was always very popular. After

lunch on the lawn the campers gathered around Paul Green, who talked with them about snakes and turtles. Many a small boy and girl, and counselor too, handled his or her first snake at Pleasant Valley this summer.

The four two-week sessions of the Day Camp had a full enrollment and a waiting list before June 1, which attests the popularity of the Natural Science Day Camp as it has been operated by Mrs. "Tommy" Bailey for the last three years. Tommy had wonderful volunteer assistance from Miss Olivia Cloyes, who attended the Workshop at Barre in June. The camp program is one of action — field trips, collecting for the museum, games, and even cooking. Day campers this year collected moths as well as butterflies. These were caught by "sugaring" — smearing a sweet sticky concoction on trees after dark. The techniques of making plaster casts of leaves and tracks were developed to a fine art this summer. Competition between campers and camp sessions in listing the greatest number of birds seen was very keen. Orienteering, the new sport of compass study, was found to be a real challenge to our older campers. The overnight trips this year were particularly successful, and there was no time for loafing, between beaver-watching (five beavers one night was a record), sugaring for moths, star-gazing, and early morning bird walks. With so many interesting things being done at camp, it is no wonder that parents are already registering their boys and girls for the Day Camp next summer.

Every year there is a tragic parade of small birds and animals to our front door. In almost every case these animals would have been much better off if left where they were found. It is misplaced kindness to pick up a young bird or animal because it is thought that it is lost, or because it is thought that the cat may get it. They should be left alone or, in the case of small birds, it may seem advisable to set them up off the ground, but they shouldn't be brought to a Sanctuary or in any way disturbed. Of course we do have interesting experiences with some of these animals, and this summer "Pete" has been outstanding. Pete is a young Woodchuck who was raised from a youngster in a home and brought to us in mid-July. We should like to have Pete live under the porch, but he just can't bear to be alone. If we step out on the porch, there is Pete, bigger, fatter, and dirtier than ever. Not dirty dirt, you understand, for Pete is sweet and clean, but as his preparations for winter involve den building he is constantly digging and burrowing. I have to be an artful dodger to get back into the house without Pete following at, or even under, my heels. Out in the kitchen he stands on his hind legs and begs for food with outstretched arms — an irresistible appeal. Graham crackers are a specialty, and milk he likes too, though half of it runs out of his mouth through the gaps in his teeth onto the floor. However, everyone loves Pete, even my wife, who must clean up after him.

ALVAH W. SANBORN

**COOK'S CANYON.** A Goldfinch perched on a blaze of red against a background of green presents a striking picture for our visitors as September ripens into autumn. The hope long cherished of making the front of the Sanctuary attractive to birds has become a reality during the past season. Earlier, a generous gift from a member of the Sanctuary Advisory Committee made possible the erection of a cedar fence from the street to the Workshop, thus forming the northern boundary of the area. Several truckloads of loam along the fence provided a bed for future plantings of shrubs and flowers. Already it is a colorful picture as the sunflowers come into bloom. Interest-

ingly, the Goldfinches seem to show a preference for the red branching variety — possibly these may be a bit more mature than the other sunflowers — yet the Purple Finches are indiscriminate in their choice. Back of the red, the common, the single, and the double sunflowers towers the giant Russian variety, which will contribute many pounds of seed to the visiting birds during the fall months. Along the tree-shaded portions of the fence, and near the street, cover has been provided by plantings of rhododendron and mountain laurel. Where more sunlight provides a possibility for their growth, red osier dogwood, *Cornus stolonifera*, and burning bush, *Eyonymus alata*, have been added to provide food for the birds and an accent of color.

The food produced naturally in the area is limited and must be supplemented by artificial feeding. Three window feeders, a lantern-type feeder, and two lawn feeders are a hive of activity, and often three to four dozen finches scatter as visitors approach too closely. This year for the first time Catbirds and Yellow-throats became regular visitors to the area about the headquarters.

The number of birds in the neighborhood plays a vital part in arousing the interest of casual visitors in wildlife and in the activities of the Society. For those more venturesome souls who have chosen to explore the other thirty-five acres of the Sanctuary, the summer has provided a number of interesting species. Along the brook Black-crowned Night Heron, American Bittern, and Great Blue Heron have been observed frequently. Overhead the Red-shouldered Hawk has screamed as he circled, and the Turkey Vulture appeared once more to thrill the Day Campers. Just below the dam the Northern Water-Thrush has again spent the summer, and far down in the ravine, where such northern plants as hemlock, striped maple, and hobblebush thrive, there was added daily to the trickle of the cool water the silvery notes of the Winter Wren, the first summer record for the Sanctuary. As a pair was present, they were probably nesting.

LEON A. P. MAGEE

### Wildlife Poster Contest

The National Wildlife Federation of Washington, D. C., announces its 16th Annual Conservation Poster Contest, open to all students anywhere in the United States from the seventh grade through the last year in high school.

Massachusetts pupils have won prizes in previous contests and may do so again. In 1948 Miss Alba Pini won a first prize in Group II, and in 1949 Miss Mary Locklin won the second prize in this group, both girls having studied under the late Miss Grace Aznive, of the Roslindale High School.

The Contest will be divided into two groups. Group I will cover all contestants from the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. Group II will cover the high school grades through the senior year.

The first prize for Group I is \$100 and for Group II, \$250. The awards will be made in connection with National Wildlife Restoration Week, celebrated the first week of spring. Other prizes ranging from \$50 to \$10 will be presented.

Posters may be submitted in oil, watercolor, black and white, and other media, and are to be sent to the National Wildlife Federation, Washington 10, D. C., to be received not later than January 31, 1953.

For a copy of the rules and other pertinent information, write to the National Wildlife Federation headquarters in Washington, D. C.

## From The Editors' Sanctum

Judging from the reports brought to us by various observers, including our own sanctuary directors and members of our teaching staff, there is apparent a decrease in the numbers of our beautiful Wood Ducks over the past two years. It will be remembered that, only a decade ago, the status of the Wood Duck in New England was at such a low point that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts prohibited all shooting of this bird in spite of the fact that the Federal laws had been relaxed to permit its hunting over most of the United States. During the next few years, with the erection of thousands of nesting boxes, the species seemed to be increasing satisfactorily and the protection was removed in 1951, though many intelligent sportsmen warned that this unsuspicious, easily killed species could not stand up under the onslaught of the great army of present-day gunners, even with a bag limit of one duck per day. That pessimistic prediction, in our opinion, has now begun to show its justification. *The Wood Duck population, we believe, is definitely down!*

What can be done about it? Game laws are difficult of change, and even if changed, are difficult of enforcement. But public opinion can be aroused, and each one of us can appeal to the good sense and the conservation instincts of all our sportsmen friends and acquaintances, and urge them to refrain from shooting Wood Ducks, at least for the coming 1952 season.

Many sportsmen are already "sold" on the idea of sparing the Wood Duck, the most beautiful of all our waterfowl, and many of them are co-operating in attempts to increase the numbers of this fine bird which in the not too distant past was an abundant nesting bird throughout much of New England.

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The response to the Conservation and Natural Science classes in Massachusetts schools is most encouraging. It represents not only the fine work which has been done by the Audubon staff, but a steadily increasing demand from the public that youngsters and their parents be made conscious of the need for conservation of our natural resources. There will be an increase of nearly fifty classes taught by the Audubon staff this year, as certain towns having had the work on an experimental basis are now including it in all fifth or sixth grades. Likewise, in co-operation with the Rhode Island Audubon Society and the support of garden clubs and other organizations in that State, conservation classes will be given in four towns in Rhode Island this year.

In one area of Essex County where the work was initiated in 1939-40, the towns of Lynnfield, Manchester, Marblehead, Pigeon Cove, Rockport, Topsfield, and Wenham will continue their schedule on a weekly basis.

The only class discontinued this year is in the Rivers Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, where Headmaster Clarence E. Allen, also Chairman of the Audubon Educational Committee, has made Norma P. Japp, for several years a member of the Audubon teaching staff, a regular member of the faculty, and she will carry on Conservation and Natural Science teaching at all grade levels in the Rivers School. It is interesting to note that two new private schools, Browne & Nichols in Cambridge and Bancroft in Worcester, have been added to the Conservation Class Schedule this season.

Much of the recent rapid growth of our Society is due to the public recognition of the value of our educational program, which is building better Americans for a better America.

### Audubon Field Trips

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19. To Newburyport area, Artichoke, and rice marshes, for late migrants. Chartered bus will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, at 8:15 A.M., returning to Audubon House at 7:00 P.M. Bring lunch. Fare and guide fee, \$3.00. Fee for those using private cars and following bus, 75 cents. Reservations should be made a week in advance. Cancellations cannot be accepted after noon on Friday, October 17. Leaders: Dr. William E. Davis, Miss Eleanor E. Barry, and Davis Crompton.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23. To Newburyport and Cape Ann. Chartered bus will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, at 8:15 A.M., returning to Audubon House at 7:00 P.M. Bring lunch. Fare and guide fee, \$3.00. Fee for those using private cars and following bus, 75 cents. Reservations should be made a week in advance. Cancellations cannot be accepted after noon on Friday, November 21. Leaders, Bennett Keenan and Davis Crompton.

### Coming Events at the Berkshire Museum Pittsfield, Massachusetts

#### OCTOBER

Oct. 1-19 Exhibition Berkshire Art Show, sponsored by Berkshire Art Association.  
 Oct. 1-31 Exhibition. Watercolors by Eleanor Sanborn.  
 Oct. 1, 8 P.M. Hoffmann Bird Club. "Weather and Spring Migration." Talk by Aaron M. Bagg.  
 Oct. 4, 10:15 A.M. First of 10th Annual Saturday Morning Nature Hours for boys and girls, sponsored by Berkshire Museum and Massachusetts Audubon Society.  
 Oct. 8, 8 P.M. Berkshire Museum Camera Club. Recorded lecture, "Outdoor Photography," by D. Ward Pease.  
 Oct. 11, 1:30 P.M. Fall Foliage Photo Trip. Berkshire Museum Camera Club.  
 Oct. 30, 8 P.M. Westinghouse Electric Co. "Energy in Action."

Other events to be announced.

### Brookline Bird Club Trips

#### Open to Members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

October 4, all day. Sudbury-Wayside Inn and Vicinity. Miss Caldwell, Natick 1622-J. Afternoon, Devereux and Marblehead Neck. Mrs. Boot, LYnn 8-0257.

October 11, all day. Newburyport, Rice Marshes. Mr. Taylor, COpley 7-0067. Afternoon, Belmont Hill. Miss McCarthy, WAtertown 4-9261.

October 13, all day. Ipswich, Plum Island. Robert Hogg, CRystal 9-3431-W.

Information on trips scheduled for late October and early November may be had by telephoning or writing Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston. KENmore 6-4895.

### From Our Correspondence

#### Puffins Added to Life List

"Last June we went to Cape Breton. On the way we stopped at Cutler, Maine, and hired a fisherman to take us to Machias Seal Island. We actually saw hundreds of Puffins, and hundreds of nesting Arctic Terns. On the way back we lost our propeller, five miles off the coast, at 7:30 P.M. and were anchored on over

forty fathoms till 12:30 A.M., when another fisherman came looking for us. But it was worth it — I've added Puffins to my life list. I so enjoy the *Bulletin* — look for each issue, read it from cover to cover, even the ads, and hope some day to visit some Massachusetts sanctuaries."

Troy, N. Y. Myrtle E. Fletcher

**TOM AND ARLENE HADLEY**, a nature team, have appeared throughout the nation on Audubon Screen Tour lectures. They are shown here recording the songs of birds with the aid of a parabolic sound reflector. Formerly a General Motors executive, Mr. Hadley has infected thousands with his enthusiasm as a naturalist, wild-life photographer and philosopher.



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## New Members of Our Teaching Staff



Miss Phoebe Greene Arnold, of West Roxbury, joined the staff of the Society early in the summer to direct the Natural History Day Camp at Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary after attending the Workshop session at Cook's Canyon in June. Miss Arnold prepared for college at Beaver Country Day School and later attended Bennington College, from which she was graduated in 1941 with the degree of bachelor of arts in music. Further courses, in education, were taken at the University of California Summer School, and for three years she was teacher of music at Ojai Valley School, Ojai, California.

During World War II she served with the American Red Cross, first as a nurse's aid at the Massachusetts General Hospital and later in the European theater, driving a bloodmobile and visiting troops in England, Austria, and Germany. In the summer of 1951, Miss Arnold made her fourth trip to Europe, touring England, Holland, France, and Spain. For the past four years she has served as a counselor for veterans at Harvard. During the past year she was a member of community orchestras in Sharon and Medfield (instrument, viola). She has attended many field trips and campouts conducted by the Massachusetts Audubon Society, for one of her chief interests is the study of bird life, an interest which no doubt was greatly encouraged by the close friend and neighbor of Miss Arnold's family for many years, Francis H. Allen, our distinguished board member.

Coming to the Audubon staff as a part-time worker is Mrs. Thelma Hardy Marshall, whose excellent training and experience fit her well for presenting the school course in the Fall River area of Massachusetts and in several townships across the border in Rhode Island. A native of Beverly, Massachusetts, Mrs. Marshall attended the Beverly public schools and later was graduated from Bates College with a B. S. degree, majoring in biology. In June, 1952, she received her master's degree in zoology from Smith College. Mrs. Marshall's experience includes a season as director of a Girl Scout Camp and four years as nature-campcraft program leader for Camp Takodah and Camp Foss, both operated by the Y.M.C.A. Her chief hobby is outdoors activities, and she is particularly fond of mountain climbing.



**Farm For Sale**

Meadowcrest Farm, owned by Mrs. Olive Warnock, located next to Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, in Easthampton, comprising farmhouse and farm buildings, good crop land, and woodland, is for immediate sale.

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## Reviews of Recent Acquisitions

**BIRD RECOGNITION, VOLUME II.** By James Fisher. A Pelican Book. 186 pages. 85 illustrations by "Fish-Hawk," 82 maps comp. by W. B. Alexander, and 71 charts by the author. Penguin Books, Inc., Baltimore, Md. 85 cents.

This book, the second volume of Mr. Fisher's *Bird Recognition*, deals with birds of prey and waterfowl. Like the first volume, *Sea-birds and Waders* (Pelican Books, 1948), it is profusely illustrated, not only with the excellent work of "Fish-Hawk," but with a variety of charts and maps. Of particular interest is the ingenious year-round chart which accompanies the description of each species.

The publishers state that the first volume of *Bird Recognition* "has probably the widest circulation of any European bird-book." That a considerable part of this circulation must be in America is evident from the fact that in his second volume the author gives the American common names for the species, or practically identical species, which he describes under the British name. This, obviously, greatly increases the practical value of this excellent book for birders in this country.

In his Introduction to the first volume of *Bird Recognition*, the author states that his object is twofold: he wishes to enable the bird-watcher to recognize, not only the bird's kind, but its place in nature, its general importance. The fact that over a hundred thousand copies of Volume I were sold in its first edition bears impressive witness to the eagerness with which such a presentation was received.

It is with equal eagerness that we welcome this second volume and look forward to the appearance of a third, on rails, game birds, and the larger perching birds. A fourth volume, on the smaller perching birds, will complete the work.

A reviewer (News Chronicle) says of the first volume, "This book is the best available for amateurs: it also contains much that will give pleasure to the specialist." Although, necessarily, *Bird Recognition* cannot be the indispensable companion for the American birder that it is for his British counterpart, he will still find in it much that will interest him and, in the reviewer's words, "give pleasure."

KATHARINE TOUSEY

**WATCHING BIRDS.** By James Fisher. Illustrated with diagrams and line drawings by the author. A Pelican Book. Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middlesex. 1951. 2s.

This little book, first published in 1941 and now appearing in a revised edition

as one of the British Pelican Books, is a gem. Its object is to introduce the study of birds to those who have had no zoological training (as well as to those who have), and, having made the introduction, to persuade them to join the army of bird-watchers. How successful its persuasion was is attested by the fact that in the four years following its first publication over four hundred persons in Britain became members of the British Trust for Ornithology — and birders.

The chapters in this book are by no means of purely local, or British, interest. On the contrary, they should interest birders in any land. Among them is an introduction to the biology of birds, a chapter on elementary taxonomy, and one on the tools of bird-watching. Others give an interesting and appealing study of the habits of birds, and, although these studies refer to birds in Britain in particular, they should be of equal interest to us, not only because so many of the birds of Britain are closely related to our own birds, but also because the book is fascinating in itself.

Profusely illustrated with attractive line drawings, maps, and diagrams, this little book will catch and hold any reader's attention. Its information is accurate and unusual; it brings a new enthusiasm to the bird-watcher.

KATHARINE TOUSEY

**WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY.** By H. Hediger. Translated by G. Sirecom. Butterworth Scientific Publications, London, and Academic Press, Inc., New York, 1950. 207 pages. \$6.00.

The author is director of the Zoological Gardens at Basle, Switzerland, and has been a member of zoological expeditions to many parts of the world. This book is designed to provide information on the proper maintenance of animals in zoological gardens. He has further objectives, however, in gathering together the extensive and authoritative information in this work. He hopes to break down the prejudice of those who believe that conditions in captivity are necessarily detrimental to animals, that they are confined to too restricted areas, or are anxious for "freedom." He cites many examples, well documented, that animals may be better fed, healthier, and longer-lived in a zoo than in the wild, and perhaps happier too. He also supports the training of animals as a release for their energy, needed physical and mental exercise, and activity enjoyed by them.

The author discusses territorial requirements and sociological factors in the wild state and the changes made necessary, but

## Reviews of Recent Acquisitions (Continued)

not necessarily harmful, in removing animals from "freedom" to captivity. He feels that the final judgment of well-being of captive animals is their ability to breed successfully.

Problems of environment and food and the animal's relationship to man are interestingly and informatively covered. He tries to strike a nice balance between the proper care of animals and the bringing of the animal behavior to the public in the best way. Many misconceptions relating to animal behavior have been discarded as a result of careful studies of animals in zoological parks and experience through the centuries in improving the conditions in such parks.

Authorities in this and other zoological fields have been consulted, as evidenced by the many quotations from other works and the extensive bibliography, which lists books that might seldom come to the attention of Audubon readers. Yet many facts presented apply directly to the studies of live birds and mammals in the wild as well as captive. There is much of value here for the biology teacher, the camp nature counselor, and the museum director who is making increasing use of live animals to attract interest in school, camp, or wildlife sanctuary, and it has been highly recommended as reference reading for all members of the Audubon educational staff. Others not directly in the professional field but who frequent zoos from time to time will find it interesting reading.

C. RUSSELL MASON

**NUTTALL'S TRAVELS INTO THE OLD NORTHWEST: AN UNPUBLISHED 1810 DIARY.** Edited by Jeannette E. Graustein.  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Vol. 14 of *Chronica Botanica*. The *Chronica Botanica* Co., Waltham, Mass., and Stechert-Hafner, Inc., New York, N. Y. 1950-51. 88 pages, 12 plates. \$3.00.

To all of us who are interested in Audubon and his times, any matter relating to his contemporary fellow naturalists should be worthy of our attention. Thomas Nuttall was born on January 5, 1786, Audubon in April of 1785, the one in England, the other in Santa Domingo in the West Indies. Each received but scant schooling, and each developed at an early age his consuming interest in natural history. Audubon's life in America began in 1803, when he started out as a gentleman farmer at Mill Grove in Pennsylvania, later becoming a country storekeeper, and it was not until nearly a score of years later that he began really to devote himself to natural history. Nuttall, on the other hand, cultivated all his early op-

portunities for scientific study, and when he landed at Philadelphia in April, 1808, he was already dedicated to a life of science. In 1809 Nuttall made two botanizing trips, one to Delaware and the other through New York State to Niagara Falls and Ontario. While Nuttall was primarily a botanist, he was interested also in geology and zoology, in Indian customs and antiquities, in the medicinal properties of plants, and in many other phases of natural science. Most of his travels were on foot, with occasional horseback and carriage trips, or excursions by boat.

In 1810 Nuttall undertook, in the interest of his friend, Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, a more extended trip to the Great Lakes and the upper Mississippi Valley, the ultimate destination contemplated being the Canadian Territories and the vicinity of Lake Winnipeg. The present thin volume is Nuttall's diary of the early part of this botanizing excursion. Reading it, one gets a clear firsthand idea of the difficulties of travel in Nuttall's and Audubon's time, so different from travel today.

The first stage of Nuttall's trip, from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, was by stagecoach. Then he headed north on foot, eventually reaching Lake Erie, the coast line of which he then followed westward across Ohio, through the little village of Cleveland, and as far as the Huron River, whence he journeyed to Detroit by boat. Up to this point the diary is well kept and the entries are almost continuous, but his observations in the Detroit area, between June 26 and July 29, 1810, are scattered and sporadic. On the latter date he started by birch bark canoe for Michilimackinac, and there is a gap until September 9 and 10, when he was making the trip up the Fox River to the portage leading to the Wisconsin River and the upper Mississippi. The latter part of his long journey, which included St. Louis and the wilds of the upper Missouri, are not covered by the present diary.

"The subject matter is chiefly biological, with frequent detailed descriptions of plants (usually in Latin), lists of plants, and some of animals. Rocks, oil and mineral springs, and especially Indian mounds are discussed; there are occasional brief comments on towns and topography; notes appear on goitre and other miscellaneous interests of Dr. Barton."

Nuttall made important contributions to the botany of North America, the results of his many exploring expeditions and of his eleven years as curator of the Botanic Gardens at Harvard University. He is perhaps best known to bird students, how-

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## Reviews of Recent Acquisitions (Continued)

ever, as the author of a two-volume ornithology, the first work of moderate size and price treating on American birds, a work which is still popular because of its keen observations and charming writing. In 1842 he inherited an estate in England and returned to that country to live, and there he died on September 10, 1859, eight years after the death of his better-known fellow ornithologist Audubon.

JOHN B. MAY

**BIRDS IN BRITAIN.** By Frances Pitt. Macmillan and Company, Ltd. London. 1948. 576 pages. 15s net.

Overcome by the desire to write about birds, which, as she says in the preface, she feels that all who truly love birds cannot resist, Miss Pitt has tried to present a survey of bird life which is neither scientifically abstruse nor sentimentally gushy. She has striven for something of a light combination of the *Practical Handbook of British Birds* (in five volumes) and Coward's *Birds of the British Isles*. It will perhaps seem strange to the reader to find sections of the text devoted to caged and domesticated birds, but, according to the author's reasoning, they are birds in Britain. Canaries, macaws, parrots, peacocks, and barnyard fowl have as much coverage per species as wild birds.

Although I do not believe such general works merit editing by a reviewer, there are many obvious flaws in the text which mar the accuracy. An introductory section on bird biology is rather flimsy; one senses that the author is over her head in deep water. Perhaps her greatest pitfall, however, is the making of broad statements which need modification or become false by being only half-truths. In a section discussing distribution she speaks of the Black-browed Albatross as a species "which sometimes visits British waters" (based on a single specimen picked up in 1897, as she fortunately states later in the book). We also read that "Penguins feed exclusively on fish," whereas basic reference works tell us that they also eat squids and other mollusks, crustaceans, and probably even a little vegetal matter. In describing the Ptarmigan (*Lagopus mutus millelasi*), Miss Pitt says "The female does not have the black between bill and eyes," whereas Coward states that this character is found at least in old females. Herons are spoken of as eating "fish and eels" (the latter, of course, being fish!) Repetition of information occurs, such as the macaw's fondness for Brazil nuts.

The book is very attractive in format. Boldface type is used when a bird is first mentioned. Many photographs of varying

merit generously illustrate the text; pictures of habitats, nesting, flight, and behavior of birds. Line drawings of a typical feather, bills and feet, and hawk hoods are both decorative and instructive. The sixteen color plates by Roland Green, one of Britain's best-known bird artists today, illustrate in uncrowded pose the dominant members of the bird fauna. A portrait of goldfinches from a painting by Wilfred Austin serves as a frontispiece and effectively indicates the tenor of the book.

ROBERT L. GRAYCE

**BIRD WATCHING FOR BEGINNERS.** By Bruce Campbell. Illustrated in black and white by R. A. Richardson. Penguin Books, Inc., Baltimore, Md. 1952. 65 cents.

Here we have another of the inimitable little books on bird-watching which come to us from Great Britain. Written primarily for children — the book is published as one of the Puffin Story Books — there is much that the American boy or girl will read with interest and profit, but perhaps the book will have a wider appeal in this country for the adult. The second section (the book is in three parts) which tells the reader of the two hundred most common birds of England, their traits, and some of the author's experiences watching them, would, unfortunately, be of little value to the beginner not far enough along to be able to tie these British birds to ours. If only birds of the two countries were just alike!

Part One, based on Mr. Campbell's birding experiences since boyhood, would interest and instruct any beginner, child or adult. Briefly, it tells how to be a bird-watcher, and it tells this in an informal conversational style, not lacking in pleasant wit. Part Three, "Problems of Bird Watching," will also prove both delightful reading and an excellent guide for the learner. How to identify, how to make bird counts, studies at the nest — sadly neglected by our beginners — the study of migration, bird photography — all these are among the topics discussed in this last section.

The book is illustrated with many black and white line drawings. One of these, to be found on page 229, "The Limits of a Bird's Mind," typifies the real depth and stimulation to be found in this apparently light book. It is a thoroughly charming guide to the techniques and the joys of birding.

KATHARINE TOUSEY

## From Our Correspondence

### From Our Correspondence

#### Red-wings in New Mexico

"While it's far from a Martha's Vineyard salt marsh to the Rio Grande valley, I thought the *Bulletin* readers might like to know how the Red-winged Blackbird tames here in our mild winters. The camera is fifteen feet from center of the flock which assembles twice daily from December to March, just before sunset and right after sunrise. A Mourning Dove is in left distance. The feeding station is from New England, stands only twelve feet from living room window, and has clocked nearly thirty varieties of our western birds at various times.



"The Red-wing becomes so tame that when I walk to the road to get the morning paper he will stay in a bush within arm's reach and sass back and forth. A birdman swears he says *Oca-TEE-ya* (from *ocatilla*, which is modern Spanish for a gorgeous plant the tourist says is cactus, but the book says is closer related to the violet). But my ear thinks he says *Le Pe-TEE Chien*, which is old French for The Little Dog.

"It has amused me to note what a so-called doctor of science writes of the Red-wing, saying he "seeks swamp solitude" and "hates human haunts." At least the alliteration is more admirable than the ignorance of the whole truth. We hope for better educated and more observant savants."

Las Cruces, N.M. George K. Goethals

#### Late Summer Attractions

"August 29 I saw two young pure white Little Blue Herons near Pratt Pond, Upton, Mass., and they were there September 5, still feeding on the edge of a brook where there is a lot of mud. Also there was a Pied-billed Grebe in the water. From August 12 on have been watching a Northern Water-Thrush on the shore of Whitehall Pond. Saw it three times in day. There were four young Canada Geese raised on Whitehall this year and seem to be doing well."

Hopkinton, Mass. Adelbert Temple

#### Swallow Migrants at Rowley

"Last evening (Sept. 11) we observed in Rowley, Mass., not far from Parker River — and consequently not far from the Atlantic shore line — thousands of swallows circling above an extensive field of high-standing cornstalks. As we watched for some minutes and the sun had finally declined beneath the horizon, groups of birds here and there dropped like plummets into the sturdy stalks, apparently to spend the night. Then the sky was deserted.

Very few of these passing close enough displayed sharply forked tails, so there were not many Barn Swallows in the company. However, there were many Purple Martins in the group, because we detected their pleasing notes, and we judged this was a company gathering recruits and gradually working south from northern New England, some possibly being our very own nesting visitors this summer at Tamworth, N. H."

Georgetown, Mass.

Harry W. Poor

#### Try This One!

"If you have a cat or dog that you do not want let out of a room, etc., mount a picture of cat or dog or bird on heavy paper, staple it to a rubber jar ring and then hang on door knob of whichever room is to be kept closed. My son rescued a baby robin (now almost ready to release), so wherever our cat is he is shut in with a card on the door to warn us to leave him there."

Cohasset, Mass.

Mrs. H. F. Barnes

#### They Do It in England, Too!

"I have been doctoring birds for years, but the last six years my bird hospital has been open to the public. I have received eight hundred wild and tame birds from Belgium, France, and Holland. Some have been shot through the head, body, legs, and from some I have had to remove a leg; but I have the surgical tools for different cases."

"I have in the hospital at the minute four Belgian Pigeons, one Kestrel, one French Owl, and seven small birds. The wild birds will be kept until they are fit to liberate.

"I also have other livestock brought in — rabbits, chickens, cats, and dogs. I find homes for unwanted cats and give treatment if necessary. I am also a breeder of pigeons, cage birds, and rabbits. This has been my hobby since a schoolboy, and all livestock brought to the hospital is treated free of charge."

Sittingbourne, Kent, England

Adolphus Whitehead



### Field Notes

Dr. John B. May sent the following notes from Holderness, N. H., in August: "On August 6, as I was paddling my canoe along shore on Little Squam Lake, New Hampshire, a movement in the woods caught my eye and, on landing, an immature GOSHAWK rose heavily, dragging a freshly killed adult BROAD-WINGED HAWK, which it was starting to pluck and eat. It could hardly lift its prey and only fluttered a short distance, a few feet above the ground, before alighting again. After two or three short flights it dropped the Broad-wing at the shore of the lake and I secured it. August 7, as my wife and I sat enjoying the late afterglow, BARRED OWL lit on an oak branch over the water within forty feet of us, but quickly flew on without a sound of any sort. There have been three broods of AMERICAN MERCANSERS frequenting Little Squam, of nine, eight, and five young respectively. The youngest brood (five) are still taking rides on their mother's back, but the earliest brood (nine) are almost as large as their parent, only the lack of crest and white chin-patch distinguishing them."

We quote a summer report from Miss Dorothy E. Snyder: "Essex County provided a new birding record for New England on July 17, when, with one exception, every species of heron ever recorded in the State was found. The exception was the purely accidental Louisiana Heron, which has been twice seen in Massachusetts. Ludlow Griscom's party first found a YELLOW-CROWNED NIGHT HERON at the Ipswich Poor Farm Meadows, where there were also GREAT BLUE and BLACK-CROWNED NIGHT HERONS. In the Artichoke a single AMERICAN EGRET was fishing in a bed of pickerel-weed, providing a decorative touch to the landscape as he stalked among its blue blossoms. On Plum Island the two SNOWY EGRETS which had been there for many weeks had been joined by an immature LITTLE BLUE HERON. GREEN HERONS and AMERICAN BITTERNS were found in several places, and I was able to raise the heron count to nine in the late afternoon, when LEAST BITTERNS were seen flying over the Lynnfield cattail marsh. Eight extended flights of these small and secretive herons were watched, made by at least five individuals. The first Least Bittern was noted at 5:15 P.M., just six hours after the Yellow-crowned Night Heron had been seen standing motionless in the shimmering heat waves beside a marsh pool at the other end of the county!"

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### Field Notes

In early September our Director Philip B. Heywood, of Worcester, was called to a feeding station to observe a strange bird feeding there with the House Sparrows. It was a bird new to him, but, through close observation and an accurate drawing which he made, the bird was identified as a JAVA SPARROW, *Padda oryzivora*, quite frequently used in this country as a caged bird, and in this case very evidently an escape. Davis Crompton, Field Agent for the Society, with headquarters in Worcester and Barre, saw one of these birds a few years ago in Hudson, and it may possibly be the same individual.

An injured SANDERLING, which had to have its broken wing removed, was found during the Cape Campout and taken to Rye, New York, by Bert Nickerson. Bert writes that the bird is in fine shape, that it required forced feeding only twice, and that now the bird eats one egg a day and is becoming accustomed to his human protectors.

A pair of EVENING GROSBEAKS visited the feeders of Mrs. Isabel Bamford in Ipswich well into June, when the female disappeared. The male was last seen on July 23, and Mrs. Bamford wonders if a Sharp-shinned Hawk which hung around the garden could be the cause. On August 3 a female was seen briefly. Now Mrs. Bamford hopes to find evidences of nesting.

Boys and girls attending Wildwood Camp at Cook's Canyon were most interested in young birds which were brought in by various individuals to be taken care of and released when more fully grown. Of particular interest were Chimney Swifts and Cedar Waxwings, which were carefully tended by the children and successfully released as they became able to care for themselves.

Dr. Frank J. Hiltferty, of Medway, reported in July that they had an ALBINO CHIPPING SPARROW in that area. It was a true albino, with pink eyes, and was being fed by the parents in company with two normal nest mates.

Mrs. F. Parker Hatch writes that she has just moved into a new home in Humarock where thirteen SONG SPARROWS have been feeding on weed seeds of what she hopes will be a new lawn.

Dr. Joseph F. Kenneally reports an ALBINO MOLE, completely white, found dead at Whitman in July.

Miss Bertha A. Saunders reports that ninety-seven species of birds have been recorded in her small back yard in Ipswich over the past five years. An enviable record for a built-up section!

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### Field Notes

While Mrs. Chester N. Greenough, of Belmont, was enjoying watching the birds visiting the feeding stations on her terrace on September 6, a male PAINTED BUNTING flew against the window and fell to the terrace stunned, but it soon righted itself and flew off. This is one of the few records for this southeastern species in Massachusetts, and Mrs. Greenough was delighted that the bird decided to visit "Juniper Hill."

We have word from Laurence B. Fletcher that a HERRING GULL which was banded by him on Penikese Island, July 4, 1938, was found dead the week of November 19, 1951, at the mouth of the Elk River, Chesapeake Bay, Cecil County, Maryland, by Mrs. C. H. Tucker of Rosemont, Pennsylvania. The bird was a juvenile when banded, and this would make it over thirteen years of age.

George A. Drew, Jr., of Belmont, reports that an interesting happening in his yard on April 23 and 24 was finding the work of a female YELLOW-BELLIED SAP-SUCKER — first discovered by the Misses Finney and Sylvester, of Winthrop, who were visiting in the yard — on a medium-sized linden tree. The bird remained for nearly a day and a half, completely occupied from soon after daylight until dark on the second day, with only short resting periods, in drilling a series of rings, six in all, around the tree. The separate holes in each ring were spaced evenly about an inch apart.

Davis Crompton's mammal reports for June include a COTTONTAIL RABBIT at Cook's Canyon, June 2; a VARYING HARE at Greylock on June 6; two WOOD-CHUCKS at Arcadia on June 10; a MUSTRAT at Ware, June 11, another at Wayland on the 13th; and a PORCUPINE at Barre on June 14.

From Middleboro, on September 2, Mrs. Kathleen Anderson writes: "Birding took second place with us yesterday when we surprised a handsome RED FOX in the center of a cranberry bog and he stood perfectly still for several seconds — it seemed like minutes — while we watched him carefully through binoculars. I've had several fleeting glimpses of foxes but never a chance to really look one over and see so clearly every handsome marking."

BUFF-BREASTED SANDPIPERs first arrived in Newburyport this year on August 23, when four were observed by Mrs. Clara deWindt. By August 28 the number had increased to seven, and one was still present on September 15. Others have been reported from Martha's Vineyard and Monomoy.

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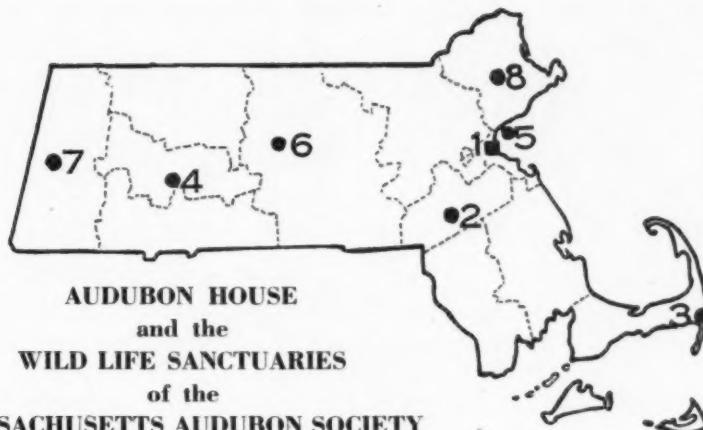
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**2. Moose Hill Wildlife Sanctuary, Sharon.**

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**3. Tern Island Wildlife Sanctuary, Chatham.**

Established 1936. 10 acres sand and beach grass. Large colony of nesting terns. Management, O. L. Austin Ornithological Research Station, North Eastham.

**4. Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary, Northampton.**

Established 1944. 300 acres meadow, marsh, and woodland. Nature Trails. Memorial and experimental plantings. Studio workshop. Edwin A. Mason, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: David A. Riedel, Chairman.

**5. Nahant Thicket Wildlife Sanctuary, Nahant.**

Established 1948. 4 acres. On Atlantic Flyway. Hordes of migrating land birds in spring and fall. Trails. Advisory Committee: James T. Kelly, Chairman.

**6. Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary, Barre.**

Established 1948. 35 acres. Coniferous plantation. Small pond. Rocky gorge. Interesting trails. Site of Natural Science Workshop for leaders and resident and day camps for boys and girls. Leon A. P. Magee, Resident Director. Advisory Committee: Mrs. James F. Nields, Jr., Chairman.

**7. Pleasant Valley Wildlife Sanctuary, Lenox.**

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*Further information about any of the above sanctuaries may be obtained from  
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